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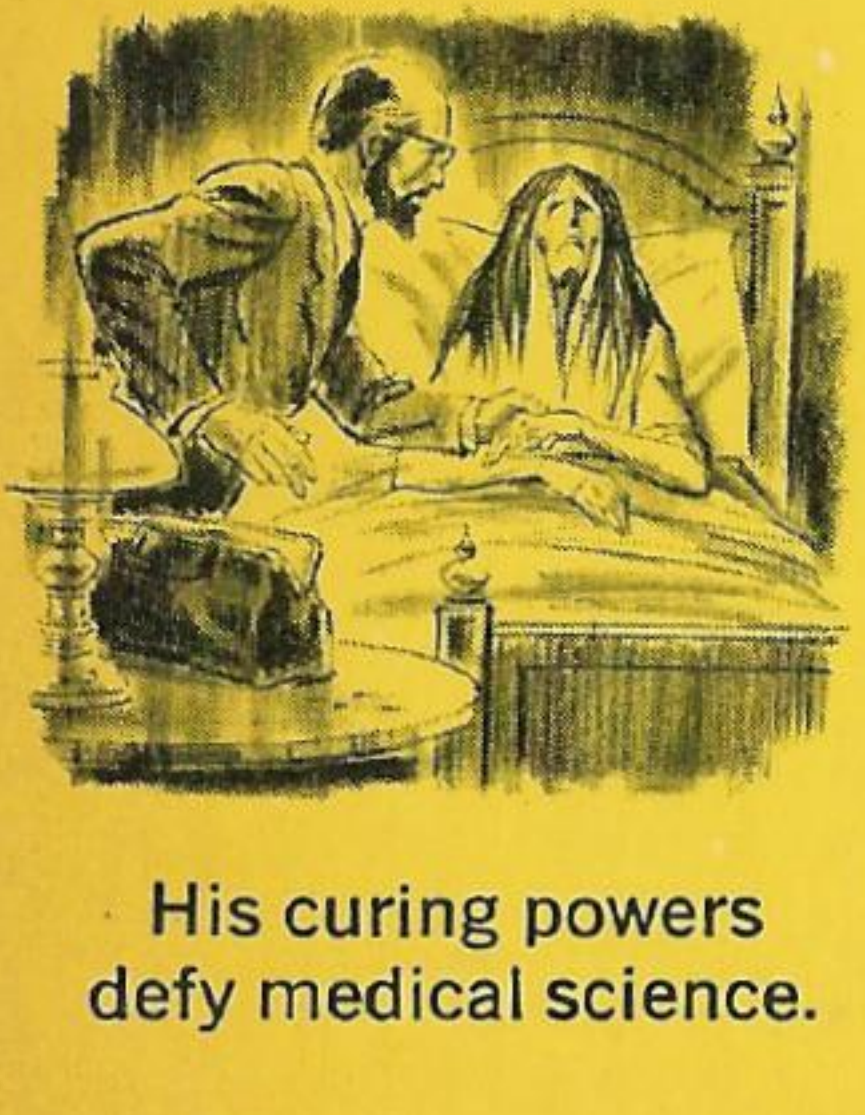
The seer who
conjures tempests.

From beyond the grave,
this doctor tends the sick.

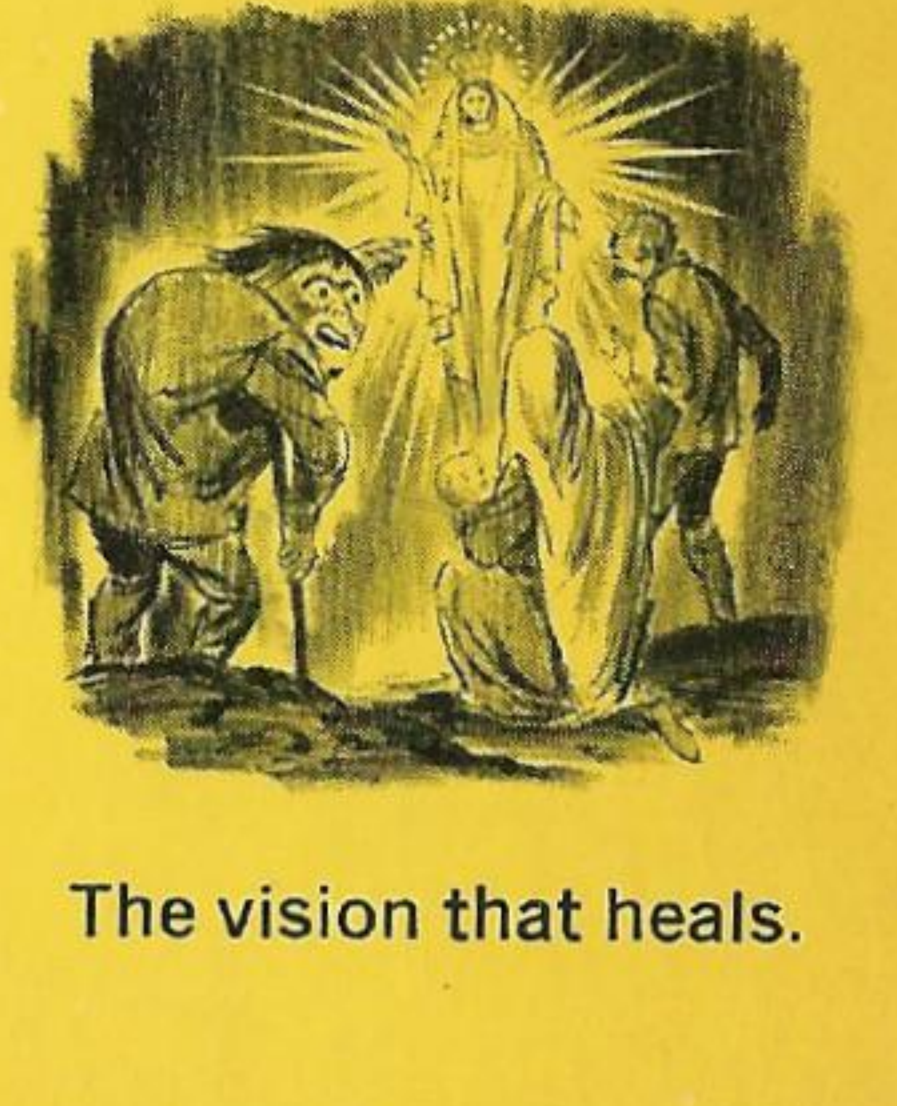
STRANGE POWERS OF HEALING

BY BRAD STEIGER

UNBELIEVABLE! MIRACULOUS! TRUE!
ASTONISHING STORIES FROM *THE OTHER WORLD*



His curing powers
defy medical science.



The vision that heals.

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INTO THE OTHER WORLD

Here are tales to challenge the greatest skeptic—stories of extrahuman powers possessed by only a handful of men and women. These few people are gifted with the strange ability to heal others—without medicine, in ways that defy scientific explanation.

Here is proof of the world beyond our own—unbelievable, yet 100% fact.

STRANGE POWERS OF HEALING

BY BRAD STEIGER

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INTRODUCTION

• A few years ago, Harold Schachern, church writer for the *Detroit News*, noted the change that has been taking place within the Protestant churches in regard to faith healing. Although such testimonies of miraculous cures have been long regarded as representative of a primitive and unsophisticated belief, clergymen and lay leaders are now recognizing faith healing as a powerful ally of orthodox medicine.

"We have no doubt that a person's faith is a vital element in the process of healing," Dr. G. Merrill Lenox, director of the Detroit and Michigan Councils of Churches was quoted as saying. "While the church fully respects the central place held by medical science as one of the God-given means of healing, it also recognizes the function of faith and prayer in the process."

This book is intended to be an examination of some of the miracles of faith and prayer which have occurred to ordinary men and women who have sought "God-given means of healing." The author seeks to be objective as he deals with those who claim to heal by prayer, by the laying on of hands, by spirit guides, by soul travel and by various other methods which must, in the view of orthodox medical science, be regarded as paranormal. Although rational medicine tends to look somewhat askance at reports of such phenomena, those who have benefited from these preternatural powers of healing refuse to be silenced. Whether the alleged cures take place at the grotto of Lourdes, at a group healing in Los Angeles or at the healing service of a church in Pittsburgh, the testimony remains unchanged: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." (John 9:25)

How such healings are accomplished and controlled has been the enigma of "faith healing" down the centuries. This book is not so presumptuous a volume that it will claim to set forth the explanations which so many learned men have been seeking for so many ages. This book seeks only to present some highly dramatic and highly impressive instances of those who have sought and received physical comfort and aid from those remarkable individuals who are possessed with strange powers of healing.

BRAD STEIGER

MIRACULOUS CANCER HEALINGS

• When Madame Rose Martin arrived at Lourdes in 1947, her total weight was a scant seventy pounds. She had undergone surgery for cancer of the uterus in February, 1947, and the cancer had continued to spread despite several subsequent operations. Doctors prescribed morphine to enable the suffering woman to endure the pain of her affliction.

On July 3, 1947, after three baths in the famous shrine, Rose Martin returned to her hotel. Her appetite was ferocious. The pain had disappeared. Several medical complications had vanished.

In 1948, Madame Martin was examined by the medical bureau at Lourdes and declared to be totally free of cancer. In the interim, she had gained thirty-four pounds. She was the picture of health and vitality. More than twenty leading French doctors and surgeons confirmed the unusual healing. Annual checkups and examinations have revealed that she has remained totally free of the dreaded disease. On May 3, 1949, the Bishop of Nice acted at the request of the Lourdes Medical Commission and declared Rose Martin's healing to be a miraculous cure.

Another miracle cure at Lourdes occurred when Simone Rams, a fifteen-year-old girl from Antwerp, Belgium, underwent an operation in June, 1951, to discover the cause of a painfully swelling left thigh. Surgeons judged the thigh bone to be cancerous.

Between then and 1959, Miss Rams' condition worsened. The once healthy young girl became a bedridden invalid as her leg rapidly deteriorated.

The young girl's parents suggested a trip to Lourdes to the family physician.

"I'll agree only if she makes the trip on a stretcher with a nurse and doctor accompanying her," the doctor said. "She is much too weak to travel without constant medical attention."

On her arrival at Lourdes on May 12, 1959, Miss Rams was considered a terminal cancer case with only a few days left to live. The tumor in her thigh was now quite large, and the constant pain had drawn her strength.

"The only nourishment taken by Miss Rams was a cup of tea and a small piece of cake," the attending physician recorded.

After her painful journey, it was necessary for the Belgian girl to rest quietly for several days in a Lourdes inn. "She must build up her strength before being carried to the shrine," wrote the doctor.

On the morning of May 18, 1959, Miss Rams experienced even greater pains when she was taken to the baths. When she entered the waters, she felt a sense of health surge through her body. "I knew my troubles were gone forever," Miss Rams said later.

The attending doctor was "staggered," to use his own words, when he discovered that the enormous swelling in his patient's thigh had vanished.

"At my request, she rose and took a few steps without too much difficulty," the doctor recorded. "Her long illness had weakened her. I asked if she were hungry and she said she was. Simone ate her first full meal that noon. The heartiness of her appetite was so great that she consumed an enormous amount of food during the afternoon and evening."

Miss Rams' cure was permanent, complete and accepted as a miracle by the Lourdes Medical Board after two years of extensive investigation.

As these case histories reveal, cancer can be cured under some rather unusual circumstances. The proof is in the lives of Rose Martin and Simone Rams.

THE WEEPING MADONNA OF ITALY'S LOURDES

• She was a flimsy, foot-high Madonna cast in hollow plaster and painted with bright blotches of cheap paint. Her face was an expressionless glob of vivid pinkness. In her crude, pudgy fingers, the statue tenderly held a bleeding heart painted in red and edged in gold. She was precisely like thousands of other plaster Madonnas manufactured at a plant in Sicily and sold throughout the country for three dollars.

Like many of the other statues, this particular Madonna was sold as a wedding present. It seemed to be an apt gift for Antionetta and Angelo Iannuso, who were married in Syracuse, Sicily, in the spring of 1953. Dark and devout, Antionetta was a very religious girl who carefully followed the instructions of her church. Angelo, her husband, was a farm laborer who was an admitted Communist sympathizer.

A few months after receiving the statue as a gift, the commotion started.

Antionetta became pregnant and her body was wracked with agonizing pain. Her vision dimmed, and the twenty-year-old girl found it difficult to perform even the easiest of household tasks. Antionetta prayed devoutly to the Madonna for salvation from the pain and torment.

On the morning of August 29, 1953, Antionetta was afflicted with a painful seizure. Her abdomen twisted with pain and her eyes clouded.

"It was then that I glanced up to the Madonna and saw tears streaming down her face," she said. "I suddenly thought that I had lost my mind. The statue was weeping like a child."

Antionetta dashed from the room. She shouted, forgetting her pain, "The little Madonna is weeping!"

Antionetta's mother and sister-in-law were skeptical. "She's hysterical," one whispered. They tried to calm the young bride and finally, at her insistent demands, looked at the Madonna.

"The tears were so plentiful that they flowed down the face and over into the hand holding the heart," the women said later. "It was the most astonishing thing we have ever seen."

Antionetta's husband, Angelo, was also skeptical about the weeping statue, until he witnessed a torrent of tears.

A doubting neighbor removed the Madonna from the wall in an effort to discover some rational explanation for the miraculous occurrence.

"There was absolutely no moisture on the wall," he reported. "Later, I unscrewed the statue from its base. It was thoroughly dry on the inside. I wiped the statue dry and dried it thoroughly. Within a few seconds, two pearl-like tears glistened in the Madonna's eyes."

When the news spread throughout Italy, thousands of persons hurried to see the weeping statue. Although Syracuse is a bustling Ionian seaport with a population of 60,000, the southeastern Sicilian community's hotels were quickly swamped with requests for accommodations.

Further credence was given to the statue when the Syracuse Police Department removed the Madonna to their headquarters for safety. As the squad car moved through the streets, a patrolman carefully held the statue on his lap. His jacket was drenched with tears!

A skeptical detective caught several tears in a chemist's vial and sent the specimen to a police laboratory for analysis.

"Why did you send that last specimen over?" the lab director inquired the following morning. "It's nothing more than human tears."

The unusual healing power of the weeping Madonna quickly manifested itself. From the moment that she had first glimpsed the tears, Antionetta's painful seizures had disappeared. Her vision cleared quickly and her thudding headaches became a thing of the past.

Other cures quickly followed. The crippled, the lame and the ill gathered before the weeping statue. They were brushed with a cloth wetted by tears. A middle-aged man recovered the use of a crippled arm. "I haven't been able to move my arm for several years," he informed reporters.

A three-year-old girl was brought to Syracuse by her hopeful parents. Stricken by polio, the golden-haired child's arm was encased in an array of stainless steel braces.

As the mother and father fervently prayed, the child's face and arm were brushed with the tear-stained cloth. "See, mommy, I can move my arm!" the child shouted.

The parents of an eighteen-year-old Sicilian country girl brought their speechless daughter to Syracuse.

"She was struck dumb eleven years ago and has not uttered a word since then," the father stated. "Doctors have been unable to cure her."

The dumb girl's lips were brushed with the tear-stained cloth and she immediately brightened and began to talk.

The Madonna's tears ended on the fourth day. Exactly one month after the occurrence, the statue was carried through the streets of Syracuse at the head of a procession of 30,000 persons. The Madonna was devoutly moved to a railroad shed and encased in a glass structure capped with a bronze cross.

Thousands have flocked to the shrine of the little Madonna, including more than a hundred bishops and archbishops and several cardinals. The glass-walled case is surrounded by dozens of crutches and braces that have presumably been left there by those who have been cured.

Masses are said throughout the day by a local priest, assisted by Antionetta's husband, Angelo. Hopeful that their community would become the Italian Lourdes, the citizens of Syracuse purchased a twelve-acre site and constructed a lattice-type pagoda shrine for the Madonna. Large ramps lead up to the entrance and there is room for 20,000 pilgrims within the 400-foot-high walls. Thirty-six small chapels surround the shrine and await the devout pilgrim.

Thousands of persons travel each year to Syracuse to pray for a healing miracle and hundreds have been cured. In a message to the Sicilians in 1958, Pope Pius XII said: "So ardent are the people of Sicily in their devotion to Mary that who would marvel if she had chosen the illustrious city . . . of Syracuse . . . to give a sign of her grace?"

A DEAD DOCTOR WROTE THE PRESCRIPTION

• The warming glow of morning sunlight cast an orangish haze over Marion county, Virginia, on the morning of March 15, 1852. In the home of Phillip and Sarah Bannock, a black-clad midwife had worked desperately through the night to ease Mrs. Bannock's intense labor pains. The midwife had been hampered on several occasions by Phillip Bannock, a deeply religious man, who prayed fervently for a son.

When a sharp slap sounded in the back bedroom, Phillip Bannock ran toward the lusty squalls from the crying infant.

The midwife hesitated when she saw the wild-eyed husband. "She's a beautiful daughter," she said at last.

The ashen-faced father drew closer. "What's that on her face? Is it the mark of the devil?"

"It's a veil of mucus," explained the midwife, wiping the baby's wrinkled face. "There are some who say persons with prophetic powers are born with this veil over their face."

"She's a child of darkness," snapped Bannock, gesturing wildly. "I want nothing to do with the devil's daughter."

The midwife glared at the father. "You may be a deacon of the church, Phillip Bannock, but your religion is too prejudiced for the likes of me."

Maude Bannock grew into a dark-haired, bright-eyed child despite the cold rejection by her father. The father swore that weird lights floated around the child's crib. "I've seen electric sparks fly from her hair," he swore.

One day when Maude was approaching six years of age, she was playing in the family kitchen. Her mother was brewing a large tub of lye-water for the family washing. The mother left the kitchen for a moment. The child tipped the vessel of boiling lye water and was badly scalded.

Dr. Edson Woodruff, the local physician, was called to the home. "She's got second and third degree burns over most of her body," he informed the parents. "I can't give you much hope for her recovery."

Each morning, Dr. Woodruff rode to the Bannock home and did what he could for the child. On the sixth morning, the solicitous general practitioner was applying a poultice to the burns when the tiny girl's body stirred. Her pale fingers grabbed a pencil from the doctor's pocket. The child, although still unconscious, mumbled feebly.

"She seems to want a piece of paper," said the mystified physician, laying a prescription pad in the patient's lap.

Still unconscious, Maude wrote: "Obtain a large basket of pine needles and crush them. Mix with linseed oil. Put between beet leaves. Apply immediately."

"That's the devil's work," screamed the distraught parents. "Maude hasn't been schooled. She doesn't know how to write."

Dr. Woodruff remained quiet, studying the writing on the pad. He was visibly shaken when he recognized the handwriting as similar to that of a doctor who had once practiced with him. "The man who wrote this is dead," he muttered. "Perhaps his spirit will help me heal this child."

The prescription from beyond the grave was applied to the blistered body of little Maude Bannock. Although she was troubled by aftereffects of the burns for many years, the crisis passed and she recovered from the accidental scalding.

Years later, guided by the spirit of "Dr. DeHaven," Maude was known in the latter part of the nineteenth century as Maude Lord-Drake, one of the nation's most gifted clairvoyants, mediums and healers. Her clients included such prominent Americans as President Chester A. Arthur, President Ulysses S. Grant, manufacturer George Pullam, and Leland Stanford, who established Stanford University in California.

Under the control of "Dr. DeHaven," Maude Lord-Drake, the child cursed by her father as a "child of the devil," treated thousands of desperately ill patients. Dozens of medical doctors witnessed these phenomenal healing sessions and even signed affidavits attesting to the powers of Maude Lord-Drake's healing seances.

AMERICA'S INCREDIBLE HEALING MYSTIC

• The nurse checked the doctor's appointment calendar. "Mr. Brown Landone is in the waiting room, doctor. Shall I show him in?"

The doctor peered intently at his charts. He was the foremost heart specialist in New York City and was well known for his diagnostic ability. "I want to be certain my conclusions are correct," he said. "When you tell a patient of his impending death, you must be absolutely certain."

When Brown Landone was shown into the doctor's private office, the heart specialist was absolutely certain of the diagnosis. He looked at the balding, pleasant-faced man in a dark suit. "I have bad news, Landone," he said quietly. "Your heart is in very bad condition. You have no more than two or three weeks to live. I suggest you prepare your affairs."

That consultation with the noted heart specialist occurred in 1925 in New York City when Brown Landone was seventy-three years old. Yet, despite the warning from the physician, Landone healed himself and lived to be ninety-eight years old. He died on October 10, 1945, in Winter Park, Florida, after a lifetime of healing people of every disease known to mankind.

When he was scarcely three years old, Brown Landone accidentally fell into a piece of running machinery attached to his father's sawmill in the northwoods of Minnesota. Once he was past the crisis, the youth spent his days in a wheelchair. During his treatment at numerous hospitals, Landone astonished his doctors by writing out prescriptions in Latin for other patients. He was crippled until he reached the age of seventeen, then he miraculously healed his crushed legs and taught himself to walk.

"I awakened to the idea of a perfect set of legs," he stated. "I thought constantly of the joys of walking and the healing powers of God. Gradually, I was able to move the injured limbs and, finally, they responded to walking."

Brown Landone completed his education with aid from tutors and traveled abroad for several years. He was graduated from a university with a degree in medicine and later became an ordained minister.

Now Doctor Landone, he claimed to have been summoned to London and told of being selected for study in holy monasteries in the Himalayan mountains of Tibet. "I studied for two years at the Karygupa Monastery of the Red Hats and with the Yellow Hats at their monastery in Tungkhara. It was here that I became a practicing mystic. Mystics? They manifest more of their abilities than other souls."

In addition to his mystical healing powers, Dr. Landone made an economic survey of Germany in 1913 and became the Director General of the Institute of Arts and Sciences of Paris, France. He was also appointed by the President of France to act as a special envoy to the United States. Returning to this country, he was editor-in-chief of the *History of Civilization* and acted as a consultant to the Ford Motor Company and the Metropolitan Insurance Company. He translated many foreign documents for Theodore Roosevelt and became known as a successful man.

When his fortune vanished in the stock market crash, Brown Landone vowed to devote the remainder of his life to spiritual matters and to healing. At times, he had more than 1,500 patients in a few months. "He was able to cure about ninety-five percent of the people who came to him for treatment," a contemporary stated.

Brown Landone was unusual in that he combined the practical approach to medicine with the spiritual elements of mysticism. Frequently, he prescribed regular medication instead of prayer. "We should never reject material aids, because everything belongs to the Lord and is put here for a purpose," he claimed.

"God is all, and that means exactly what the word states," Landone wrote. "God is the essence and source and substance of all things created by Him. Material means created by God are part of God's manifestation, as certainly as are his spiritual powers."

Another of Dr. Landone's incredible healing powers manifested itself in the unusual success of his absent treatments by mail.

"I will never pray for you but only with you," he told patients. "Christ said, 'if two agree on earth as touching anything they shall desire, it shall be done for them.'" His office files were crammed with testimonials from people who had been healed through absent prayer.

When he reached ninety-eight years of age, Dr. Brown Landone prepared for his funeral. Although he had the appearance of a trim, middle-aged man, he drew up plans for a memorial, wrote his own sermon for his funeral and forecast the exact moment that he would die. "After dictating several letters to friends, he lay back on a couch, closed his eyes and passed on," a friend said.

Despite his astonishing record as a healer and his activity in many other fields, Dr. Brown Landone was never considered an eccentric. "He was just a very practical individual with advanced ability," added the friend. "America's most practical mystic."

The unusual powers of Brown Landone led many people to believe in the healing effects of mysticism. We can wonder at their ultimate worth.

THE GENTLE FATHER OF MENTAL HEALING

• "I thought you were going to show me some double-talking quack healer," a man near the back of a crowded room protested to his friend. "That old man looks kind enough to be my grandfather."

"Sshh," the other warned. "Take a look at what's happening."

The first man stood on his toes to get a better look. He saw the bearded, kindly looking man again and then another, whom he recognized. "That's Abe Johnston," he said. "I suppose he wants his arm straightened. He hasn't been able to lift it above his waist for more than two years now. Does he think this Quimby can help him?"

The other nodded.

"I'll have to see it first."

They watched carefully between the heads of the crowd as the two men talked. The conversation was very low-toned, but obviously had great intensity. Abe Johnston seemed to be agreeing with the older man, until at last, he gave his injured arm to him.

The bearded man began raising the other's arm. No flicker of pain crossed Johnston's face as the arm moved over his head; in fact, the face seemed to exude confidence. When the bearded man lowered his arm, Johnston moved the arm over his head under his own power.

"How did he do it?" the skeptic asked his friend, as an excited murmur swept through the room. "I know Johnston hasn't been able to raise that arm ever since he had his shoulder dislocated."

The other man smiled. "Come on, I'll introduce you. He doesn't keep his techniques a secret—he wants everybody to know."

Phineas Parkhurst Quimby did indeed want everybody to understand how the mind could influence the body. A simple man, Quimby had a penetrating mind and a keen natural intellect, which kept him forever searching for ways in which he could help alleviate suffering and disease. Although he began his adult life as a clock maker and an inventor, he had always nurtured a deep interest in people. Quimby did not possess an extensive formal education, but he read voraciously, especially philosophy and science. His reading led him away from established religions and creeds, even though he espoused the truths that Jesus of Nazareth taught through the New Testament.

Quimby made no sudden conversion from clock making to mental healer but, rather, came to his conclusions slowly, his opinions evolving over periods of time after much deliberation. If any single incident could be called a turning point in his life, it would be his attendance at a demonstration given by a hypnotist named Charles Poyen. Quimby developed such an interest in hypnotism that he followed Poyen's show to several towns, until at last, he began trying hypnotism himself.

Later, Quimby observed John B. Dodd and a teen-ager, Lucius Burkmar, making a tour of New England, using clairvoyance to diagnose illness and to prescribe drugs which could be used as a cure. With young Burkmar as a medium, Quimby was able to get the same results as Dodd, even though he prescribed simpler, less expensive drugs.

Quimby then came to the conclusion that the drugs themselves had little effect on a patient. It was, he decided, the patient's faith in the cure that did the healing. Quimby began investigating this notion until he found that suggestion alone was powerful enough to cure. He dispensed with the drugs and the teen-ager altogether.

Quimby's method consisted of gaining great empathy and kinship with the patient while allowing the patient to gain complete confidence in him. This he did by conversation. He rarely accepted money, but demanded, indeed, needed, the complete faith of the patient.

In some cases Quimby would place his hands upon an ill person, but he claimed that this only focused the patient's attention on the healing and was most effective when the patient believed that such touches would heal him. In fact, Quimby took no credit for the healing at all. He claimed that he acted like a lens which focused the healing power of the patient's mind onto his own illness or pain. Quimby's extensive record of successful healings is even more remarkable when it is remembered that most of his patients had tried nearly every other cure, and more orthodox healers had given them no comfort.

Quimby's most famous patient was a woman named Mrs. Patterson of Portland, Maine. Mrs. Patterson is known to the world as Mary Baker Eddy. In 1862, she came to Quimby after years of suffering with cataleptic fits and unexplainable pain. His immediate cure of her maladies had a profound effect on her thought in the founding of the Christian Science movement.

Quimby hoped that the woman, who professed to being an authoress, might use her talent with the pen to pass on what he had learned with such patient endeavor. She returned to him in 1864 and studied with him, using his manuscript entitled *Questions and Answers*, which she later incorporated in a book. Immediately after Quimby's death in 1866, Mary Baker Eddy praised him in print, giving him full credit for his influence on her thought.

Quimby lived a simple life. His neighbors admired and respected him, and he had a reputation in the community as an honest, gentle and practical man, not given to strange clothes, moods or habits. He looked on his healing as a method of correcting the errors which man himself has made. Since God is good, and so is his creation, Quimby reasoned, man must have come by sickness by his own mistakes. Thus, he declared, man could correct his errors with his mind.

On January 16, 1866, Phineas Quimby died of an abdominal tumor which he had kept in check for many years by the force of his will. At last the press of events became too strong, and he succumbed to the spreading growth. Although few people acknowledge him their leader, Quimby's pioneering work laid the foundation of many schools of thought, including Christian Science, New Thought and Metaphysical Healing.

THE SCIENTIST WHO WITNESSED A MIRACLE CURE

• The nurse walked briskly through the corridors of Sept Douleurs hospital in France. Her stiff-starched uniform rustled as she approached the two doctors waiting in the physicians' lounge. "You may examine the patient now," she announced.

Dr. Alexis Carrel and his French colleague, Dr. Bromillous, a well-known Bordeaux surgeon, followed the nurse to the examination room.

"The patient's entire family has died of tuberculosis," said Dr. Bromillous. "She has tubercular sores, lesions in her lungs and has been afflicted with peritonitis for the past several months. She may die at any moment. However, the family demanded that she make the trip to Lourdes."

Shortly before the patient, Marie Bailly, was carried to the healing shrine at Lourdes, Dr. Carrel made an exhaustive examination of her condition. Her white, thin face was emaciated, and her abdomen was twisted into a misshapen lump. Her ears and nails were already coloring into a vivid blueness. Dr. Carrel checked her pulse beat. It raced at an incredible 150 beats per minute.

"She's doomed," he announced after leaving the patient.

Such a pronouncement by Dr. Alexis Carrel was worthy of consideration by any group of physicians. Until his death in 1944, Dr. Carrel was one of the foremost medical authorities in the world. An American surgeon and an experimental biologist, he won the Nobel Prize in 1912 in physiology and medicine for his extensive work in suturing blood vessels and transplanting organs. Working with Charles A. Lindbergh, Dr. Carrel invented the mechanical heart. He also developed a method of keeping tissues and organs alive in nutrient solutions.

As Dr. Carrel and his colleagues drove to Lourdes, a colleague inquired about the scientist's religious convictions.

"I'm afraid my religious ideas have been destroyed by my scientific investigations," he replied. "I have accompanied a group of patients to Lourdes, but I'm a skeptic among the pilgrims. I'm interested in the alleged cures, but I give little credence to them."

"What about the records of cures you've checked?" inquired the colleague.

"Everyone has been very kind in opening their medical records to me," admitted the surgeon. "Too many of the alleged cures could be a form of hysteria rather than organic disease. The only thing that will convince me, gentlemen, is the cure of an organic disease such as a cancer disappearing, a bone regrowth or a congenital dislocation completely vanishing."

"And if that should occur?"

"Then, assuming I witnessed such a fantastic phenomenon, I would toss away all of the theories and hypotheses in the world. I would gladly do so, because it would reaffirm my belief in a higher power," said Dr. Carrel.

When Dr. Carrel and his colleagues arrived at the healing shrine at Lourdes, several of the patients had already approached the spring. The American surgeon saw Marie Bailly standing in front of the shrine. Marie's weariness betrayed her, and the movements she made were those of a dying creature. Although he was accustomed to illness and death, the sight of the suffering woman clutched his body like an iron fist.

Suddenly, Marie Bailly stiffened as if a powerful force surged through her pain-wracked body. The stretcher bearers stared incomprehensibly at the patient. Dr. Carrel and his colleagues watched with astonishment as Marie's face clouded momentarily; then, her paleness lifted and was replaced by a rosy hue. Before the doctors' very eyes, her swollen abdomen was transformed from a misshapen lump and flattened. The nervousness left her body as her pulse calmed. Her respiration appeared to be normal.

"I would like a glass of milk," Marie said feebly.

It was the first food she had been able to consume in almost a week.

As he had witnessed the amazing healing, Dr. Carrel did not trust himself to re-examine the patient. When he returned to the hospital, the shaken scientist requested that three other physicians assist in the examination.

"We can only verify what you already know," one stated.

Their conclusion: Marie was cured!

The woman had been dying only an hour before. She had suffered for years from tuberculosis, unquestionably an organic disease. Marie Bailly recovered quickly and returned to her home as a completely cured person. The murky stench of death no longer consumed her life. She seemed to come alive again after the long illness, and her body surged with health and vitality.

Just as Marie Bailly was cured of her illness at Lourdes, Dr. Alexis Carrel left his skepticism there. He turned from a scoffer into a devout believer in faith healing.

THE POWER OF PRAYER

• One of the most amazing examples of absent healing occurred several years ago with the participation of Agnes Sanford, the wife of an Episcopalian minister from Westboro, Massachusetts. Mrs. Sanford is also the author of an enlightening book on healing entitled *The Healing Light.*

The patient was the eight-year-old daughter of an Asheville, North Carolina, doctor, who had been hospitalized with a virus inflammation of the brain and spinal cord. The child was paralyzed from the neck down, and a 106 degree temperature raged through her tiny body.

The young girl was also afflicted by continual convulsions and, despite prolonged sedation, doctors were unable to control the spasms.

"Death seemed only a few hours away until the hospital chaplain telephoned Mrs. Sanford," an Asheville doctor related.

Mrs. Sanford asked for one of Asheville's most respected physicians, a personal friend, to place his hands on the child at precisely 9:30 P.M. "I'll begin my prayers at that moment," Mrs. Sanford said.

A witness to the incredible cure through prayer later told the story in his own words:

"The doctor entered the room where a nurse was using chloroform to try to anesthetize the patient so that further convulsions might be prevented. At that time, convulsions occurred every three or four minutes.

"The doctor placed his hands on the child at precisely 9:30. He had no sooner touched the patient when a relaxed sigh rose from her lips and she fell into a deep, natural sleep. The convulsions ceased and the child seemed very relaxed.

"The following morning, the child was still sleeping. Her right side was no longer paralyzed and, by afternoon, life came back into her entire body. Ten days later, the patient was released from the hospital and returned to her home."

By the following Christmas, the child was completely cured and the grateful family enjoyed a blessed holiday. The girl grew into a vital, healthy young woman who is the joy of her parents.

HARRY EDWARDS—SPIRITUAL HEALER EXTRAORDINARY

• The patient was a tall, frail woman with stringy gray hair pressed close against the wrinkled eges of her gaunt face. Her eyes were like dulled pools of water, reflecting the painful agony of the arthritis that shot through her thin body. For her, the lively bloom of life had withered into a dried flower pressed tightly between the pages of a heavy book. The past few years had been an endless search for deliverance from her painful affliction; she had seen doctors, lain in hospitals and swallowed numerous nostrums and medicines.

Now, she was a patient in a luxurious "spiritual healing clinic" in a large manor house near the tiny hamlet of Shere, in Surrey, England. The clinic is operated by one of Britain's foremost faith healers, Harry Edwards.

The door to her room opened. The patient's eyes brightened with bird-like intensity as Harry Edwards entered the room.

"Can you move your head today?" Edwards inquired solicitously.

"Not at all," she replied wanly. The woman recited a long list of arthritic complaints.

"I'm going to move your head up off the pillow." Edwards placed one hand against the woman's backbone and gently pushed her head back with the other.

"Something snapped in there," the patient said. "It went click."

"Great! Great! Did it hurt at all? Can you move your head?"

The woman turned to face Edwards. "I've never been able to move my head this far. I'll be able to see my grandchildren when they come to visit me."

"You'll soon be visiting them," the healer said confidently. "I'll be back to see you again later today."

Several weeks later, Harry Edwards bade the elderly woman farewell as she stepped briskly from the clinic and walked to a waiting car. She was completely healed.

Edwards, one of the leading faith healers in the British Isles, is the president and co-founder of the growing National Federation of Spiritual Healers. The curative powers of this unusual man are indicative of the growing force of the faith healer in Britain's medical circles.

Harry Edwards and more than 4,000 other British faith healers manifest their healing powers through a wide variety of techniques. Some are simply bone manipulators who practice an untutored form of chiropractic. Others are hypnotists, who rely on the power of suggestion to cure their patients. Still more are proponents of prayer; they believe healing can best be produced through fervent devotion. Some are convinced of the curative creativity of the "laying on of the hands."

Harry Edwards is visited each year by six to ten thousand people who flock to his clinic after they have frequently exhausted all other forms of medicine. Most of his patients are "first timers," people who have never before visited a faith healer.

Much of Edwards' work is devoted to absent healing. As an example, in one recent year, Edwards received more than 674,000 letters requesting some form of healing.

"I know thousands of people who have been cured by Edwards," claimed a British journalist. "He has cured every imaginable illness or disease known to mankind."

Edwards also holds mass healing demonstrations that are open to the public. Repeatedly, the ill and the lame have been carried up to the stage to receive his ministrations. Many have walked away from the arena under their own power. "Edwards has probably cured more than 50,000 people," said the journalist.

Faith healing has always been a highly controversial subject for the licensed medical profession, and it follows, therefore, that Harry Edwards is a very controversial person in the British Isles and the frequent center of a swirling debate.

"Harry Edwards has never cured anyone of anything," snapped a British physician, active in the British Medical Association. "Any of his cures are created basically on ills that originate in the mind or nervous system. They yield to treatment through suggestion."

"Even if Edwards cures only those people who have psychosomatic illness, he is still doing an incredible amount of good," said a former patient, cured of partial paralysis.

"I don't see that it matters where or how the illness originated," the patient added. "The main object is to be cured. I have studied faith healing quite seriously after my own affliction, which came after a fall from a ladder. Many illnesses originate entirely in the mind. Medical science has spent years in studying the purely physical causes of illness without considering the mental aspects of their origin."

Harry Edwards has healed complete skeptics, who considered faith healing to be akin to confidence games. It appears very unlikely that Edwards would have thousands of persons flocking to his clinic if there were not some very convincing cures.

"You can fool some people for awhile," said an ex-patient. "But when you are a paralytic and discover you can walk again, you believe. I don't care what the British Medical Association says, Harry Edwards performs a marvelous service for thousands of people."

Harry Edwards, the robust, white-haired father of the faith healing federation is a man with mystical proclivities. He became a faith healer twenty-six years ago. Edwards claimed that during a spiritualist's seance, the spirits of Lister and Pasteur endowed him with the power of healing through supernatural methods.

It would appear that Harry Edwards, considered the foremost healer in the British Isles, is gifted with an unusual talent.

AN "ORDINARY" COUPLE WITH AN AMAZING GIFT

• Agnes Hooper was gravely ill with a brain disease. Conventional medicine seemed powerless to help and her husband, Gerald, feared that he would lose her before she was forty.

Then, in a British national magazine, Hooper read of the work of Edward Fricker, a healer who resided in London. There seemed to be little to lose, and the Hoopers left their Somerset village to travel to Fricker's clinic.

Agnes began to feel better at once. At the end of two years, she was completely well again. The skeptical Hooper was so impressed with Fricker's work that he offered to provide a clinic in their village where the healer might give healing to the people of the area.

When Agnes told Fricker of her husband's plan, the healer surprised her by saying that Gerald should "do it himself."

Agnes frowned in perplexed silence.

"Tell Gerald that he has himself been blessed with healing hands," Fricker said, then added: "And you, too, must take part in the work."

Gerald Hooper was astonished to hear his wife repeat the healer's admonition, but he heeded Fricker's words, and in 1963, he sold his farm so that he and Agnes could devote their lives to healing the sick.

Gerald and Agnes Hooper do indeed seem to have the gift of healing, and word of their curative abilities has spread to the extent that they receive more than a hundred patients a week from all over the British Isles.

In February of 1967, the Rev. N. L. Sell of Kingston St. Mary, near Taunton, told the *Western Daily Press*: "There's no hocus-pocus about it. These are not cranks, but just an ordinary couple who have an amazing natural gift."

Frequently, the vicar opens his church to shelter the cripples and the seriously ill who cannot climb the steps which lead to Camplins Orchard, the Hoopers' home.

When a journalist asked Hooper to describe his healing power, the man replied: "I have the sensation of power surging down my arms into my hands. They vibrate, sometimes so violently that I dare not touch a patient to start with, for fear of causing distress."

Hooper went on to say that not every patient could be cured. He estimated that about one person in ten was spontaneously healed during the first visit. A similar number received no benefit. But the great majority, eight in ten, would be cured within weeks, months or, in some cases, years.

The Hoopers now plan to build a sanctuary near their home in order to better serve those whose demands weigh so heavily upon them. The man and wife with the amazing gift to heal have never advertised or accepted payment for their work among the afflicted.

ATTACKING ILLNESS THROUGH RIGHT THINKING

- "You are not going to die!"

The emphatic words of the young doctor with the penetrating eyes and compelling voice were directed to the young woman in the isolation ward of the city hospital. She had been given only three weeks to live. Tuberculosis was eating her lungs and her life away.

The woman stirred feebly, moving almost as if the sputtering spark of life had suddenly received a fresh breath of air.

"I have received permission to take you to your home," the young doctor said softly, not telling her that the hospital had thought it a kindness to let her die in her home. "There I will call on you. Together we will work to make you well."

The woman blinked her eyes in wonder at the young man's unbelievable reassurance. Could he be serious? She was dying! Still, there was something about his manner. . . .

Today, thirty years later, the woman who had had her death certificate on a doctor's desk waiting to be signed is a beautiful matron who has suffered no major physical difficulties since her healing. One of her closest friends is still Dr. Cushing Smith of Detroit, Michigan, no longer a young man, but still devoted to helping his fellow man, still healing those who lie in beds of suffering.

Dr. Smith believes—along with many modern scientists—that the cause of all illness lies within man's own mental habits, his relation to others and, ultimately, to God. Therefore, every person's health should be within his own grasp and illness should be attacked successfully through understanding, proper prayer and right thinking.

"The thing that differentiates my work from that of a psychiatrist," explains Dr. Smith, "is that I do not confine my investigation to the consciousness or subconsciousness of the individual. I recognize the fact that many diseases originate in the mentalities of *others* whose thought is directed at the patient.

"The psychiatrist can do nothing about prenatal influences, preincarnation and mental malpractice which enter into many cases of disease and suffering."

Dr. Smith feels that the metaphysics of the body was better understood in ancient times than today. He notes, however, that the current investigation of psychosomatic medicine might once again point out the mental significance of disease.

"Operations, drugs, injections only put the patient on probation until he completely destroys the errors which threw his body out of balance in the first place," Dr. Smith says.

Mental therapy based on metaphysical etiology must be understood, according to Dr. Smith. "Recognition of this fact will enable the patient to work with the doctor and with such cooperation medicine will have a double-barreled effect."

Dr. Smith explains that the names given to various parts of the body are symbolic and that a clear understanding of the "metaphysics of anatomy" is essential to effective healing.

For example, in his book *I Can Heal Myself, and I Will*, he interprets the ribs as essentially designed for the protection of the internal organs, and signify a breastwork, or fortress, that protects against the sword thrusts of hatred and evil thoughts. Broken ribs and injuries to the chest are to be approached from this viewpoint.

Leg bones, as seen metaphysically, signify support, financial, moral, civic or ethical. Therefore a broken leg is not adequately healed until some attention is paid to its mental significance and the appropriate metaphysical remedy administered.

"Before one can be healed or heal others, he must acknowledge that God is Love," Dr. Smith says: "He must be determined to look for love in everyone that he meets, in spite of the obvious appearance to the contrary. One must approach healing with humility, sincerity and depth of understanding."

Dr. Smith's book is a storehouse of information revealing the relationship of physical disease to thought, emotions and reactions to previous experiences. He has analyzed hundreds of diseases and given specific healing declarations for each.

In his monthly column in *Chimes* magazine, Dr. Smith draws upon his forty years of practice to help those interested in metaphysical healing.

"I always begin by attacking fear," Dr. Smith explains. "Fear is an element of every disease, that tends to keep the patient in bondage."

Healing is seldom instantaneous and it may take a year or more to achieve victory.

"It is often plain that so-called incurable ailments lie deep in the subconscious, perhaps placed there by the mental reactions of the patient's mother during pregnancy. Such cases require patient metaphysical digging," comments Dr. Smith.

For example, in the healing of a brain tumor he discovered that the growth was that of colossal egotism and the desire to be a good fellow that had grown in the salesman's mind to this degree. His mother's prenatal conviction that he would be twins was the predisposing cause.

Says Dr. Smith: "No better prescription for overcoming fear exists than the Biblical pronouncement: 'There is no fear in Love!' "

HOLLAND'S HEALING WONDER

• Journalist Gerhard Ritter was skeptical, yet he could not help being impressed by the story which he had heard from the Munich housewife.

According to Irmgard Klimm, her teen-aged daughter, Sigrid, had fallen down a flight of stairs after leaving the dentist's. When Mrs. Klimm arrived at the clinic, she found that her daughter's head had been thickly bandaged and that her feet had been strapped to a stretcher. Two male nurses were assigned to restrain the girl as she tossed restlessly from side to side.

Sigrid's mind was wandering, and as her horrified mother sat by her side, she began to bleed out of one ear.

"Your daughter has received a double fracture of the skull and a very bad concussion of the brain," a doctor told Mrs. Klimm. "She will have to lie absolutely flat for three weeks."

When Paul Klimm, Sigrid's father, heard of the accident, he became greatly distressed. A practical-minded banker, Klimm was grieved to think of his daughter lying flat on her back for nearly a month.

"I am going to write to Guus Gunckel in Holland," the West German banker told his wife. "They say that man can do wonders by absent healing."

"Absent healing?" Irmgard Klimm echoed incredulously. "Our daughter lies on a hospital bed in Munich. We need a doctor who will help her right here. What good can it possibly do to write to a man in Holland?"

Paul Klimm shrugged his shoulders. "By the same token, what harm can it do? Our daughter is being attended to by the best medical facilities available to us. Perhaps this fellow

Gunckel can help her along a bit. Some people claim miracles from him."

When the Klimms visited their daughter a few days later, Sigrid was sitting up in bed, smiling at them. All the pain had left her.

"This is unbelievable," Irmgard Klimm said to her husband. "The doctors say that she must remain flat for several weeks. Yet here she is sitting up as clever as you please."

After Gerhard Ritter had heard the story from Mrs. Klimm, he decided to visit Gunckel in his Dutch home. There he was astonished to learn that the healer could produce more than 50,000 letters from cured patients. Ritter was invited to examine Gunckel's files and to check out the authenticity of the healings.

Ritter learned that it was not even necessary for sick people to come to see Gunckel in person. The Dutchman practiced absent-healing and all that was required was a personal letter requesting help. Gunckel explained that one might even write for healing for a friend or relative who might be unaware of the request. Even then, successes would be achieved.

While the journalist was interviewing Gunckel, a woman arrived for personal attention. She had been operated on on both feet and had been left with unbearable pains.

"It grows worse with each passing day," the woman gasped. "Can there be no end to my suffering?"

Gunckel's treatment of the woman lasted only one minute.

According to Ritter's article, "And the Miracle Happened," which appeared in a Swiss magazine, the woman, Mrs. Elfriede Roggeman, said: "I don't feel the least pain any more. . . . Good Lord. . . . a miracle has happened!"

Ritter asked the healer if the woman's pain would return, and Gunckel suggested that the journalist check with Mrs. Roggeman in a few days and inquire for himself. The reporter did just that and found the woman still without the slightest discomfort.

The journalist was quite interested to note that Gunckel had cured over 40,000 people in West Germany alone.

Among the cases which Ritter investigated was that of Oswald von dem Hagen of Wurzburg. Von dem Hagen had been a pilot and a major during World War I, and now, in the twilight of his years, had developed cataracts in his eyes. His vision was restricted to about two yards, and his wife had to read to him and guide him during their daily walks. He had already had an operation for the condition, but it had not resulted in an improvement in his eyesight.

It was at that time that Guus Gunckel made a personal appearance in Wurzburg to minister to patients in public. Mrs. von dem Hagen led her husband to the park and she described the healing demonstrations to the major.

"Such things cannot be," von dem Hagen said, shaking his head in disbelief. "It must be a fraud or a delusion."

Two days later, against her husband's wishes, Mrs. von dem Hagen wrote to Gunckel.

The result of their correspondence was another skeptic biting the dust. "From the day we got in touch with him there was remarkable progress in the sight of my right eye," von dem Hagen told Ritter. "There was no further need for my wife to guide me on my walks. I could now find the way myself. Neither did I need my wife to read newspapers and books to me."

The World War I veteran was now able to read with the assistance of only slightly magnified eyeglasses. He was pleased to tell Ritter of his oculist's remark when he last visited his offices for an eye examination. "I don't understand all this," the oculist had said; "a miracle has happened."

A German physician was among those who had appealed to the healer for aid for his sick wife. As a doctor, he was especially well qualified to testify to the validity of the healing experience. He reported that his wife's digestive troubles ended, her appetite returned, her evening rest was undisturbed and she gained eight pounds—all in two weeks' time.

"I can only thank the spirit healers from my heart," the doctor was quoted as saying. "I pray that I may be aware of their beneficial help in the future."

Ritter traveled to Kassel, West Germany, to check on the validity of another reported cure of Gunckel's. According to the files, the subject was a middle-aged woman who had developed a hernia after attempting to lift something heavy in her garden.

At the time of the onset of the hernia in 1959, the woman had been operated on and had been returned home to experience a painful aftereffect, which had not left her since that post-operative period. She was unable to sit or lie comfortably and her life became a "time of real torture."

Her "torture" was diagnosed as a strangulated nerve in the lumbar vertebra, and in spite of a gamut of various treatments, the doctors held out no real promise that she could be cured.

She was in the lowest depths of depression when someone told her about Guus Gunckel. Although she did not believe in such things as absent healing and faith healers, the woman was in a what-do-I-have-to-lose frame of mind. She wrote the letter, then retreated into the morass of her pain and depression.

According to the woman, the "miracle" also happened to her. Only a few days later, she told Ritter, she was sitting helpless in her chair, feeling sorry for herself, when she felt an extremely sharp pain in her back.

She cried out in agony and gripped the chair arms. She trembled all over, with perspiration oozing out of each pore.

She remembered being told that such excruciating pain sometimes preceded instantaneous healing. Could it be, she wondered, that such a miracle was happening to her?

Then she knew that it was so! The pain began to ebb and flow from her body. She wanted to leave her chair and dance about the room for sheer joy.

But what about the pain? Would it return? Slowly she bent her body forward; she leaned cautiously to the left, then to the right.

There was no pain.

She left her chair and rose to her feet. She dropped her walking stick and took a tenuous step forward.

Still there was no pain!

The woman began to dance with joy. Like a young girl she swirled around the room. She cried with happiness. Her seven years of pain had ended.

Journalist Ritter learned that Gunckel had discovered his gift after a visit to England's famous healer, Harry Edwards, in 1948. After receiving the inspiration from Edwards, both Gunckel and his wife, who has since passed on, chose to devote their lives to the healing of others.

THE STRANGE DEATH OF ELLA SALOMANN

• One of the most bizarre experiments in the art of healing occurred in the early 1890's in Europe. Hungarian hypnotist Franz Neukomm became interested in the use of hypnotism as a cure for psychosomatic ills. Neukomm believed it was possible to combine hypnotism and clairvoyance into a new method of medical diagnosis.

"A medium with recognized clairvoyant ability could be hypnotized and her spirit controlled," reasoned Neukomm. "The spirit could enter the patient's body and return with an absolutely perfect description of the illness."

The chance to prove his theory arrived when Franz Neukomm was introduced to one of Europe's most amazing mediums, youthful eighteen-year-old Ella Salomann. Intrigued by the unusual theory, and conscious of the help that proper diagnosis of disease could mean to thousands of ailing people, Miss Salomann consented to Neukomm's experiment.

At the appointed time, several people gathered in a drawing room. Among them was one of Miss Salomann's relatives, who was plagued by a lung ailment. As his subject entered a deep hypnotic trance, Neukomm ordered, "Enter the body by projecting your spirit. Check the condition and return with your report."

Miss Salomann nodded her blonde head. "I understand," she whispered.

Minutes moved slowly as the assembled group remained silent and anticipated Ella Salomann's report. Without warning, the medium suddenly slumped to the floor. Franz Neukomm dashed to her side and crouched over the girl. "My God! She's dead!" he cried.

"Call the police," ordered one of Miss Salomann's relatives. "Call a doctor." A bellman hastened to summon the authorities.

An official autopsy was held. "Death was caused by heart failure," stated the coroner. "However, I believe the hypnotic trance contributed to her death in some manner."

"Would you advise us to hold the hypnotist?" inquired a police official.

"Absolutely not," said the coroner. "Although he was partially responsible for placing the girl in the hypnotic state, he should be exonerated of all blame."

The case became a sensation in Europe, especially so among practitioners of hypnotism and experimenters into the link between illness and psychology. One of the foremost authorities on both subjects, Dr. August Forel of Zurich, Switzerland, commented on the puzzling case:

"The girl was possibly shocked to death by the terrifying thought of a deadly disease that, due to her hypnotic trance, she may have felt was her own," said Dr. Forel. Other medical authorities agreed. This Svengali-like incident is one of the few fatal results of an attempt to harness the power of the supernatural for the diagnosis of disease.

THE HEALING GIFT OF ORAL ROBERTS

• Undoubtedly, the world's most enthusiastic holder of healing services is the Reverend Oral Roberts, the Pentecostal Holiness minister from Tulsa, Oklahoma. Reverend Roberts has appeared regularly on hundreds of radio and television shows. Worldwide crusades have brought Roberts, his gospel tent, the ancient ritual of "laying on of the hands," and prayer to thousands of suffering persons.

Oral Roberts was born in Pontotac county, Oklahoma, on January 24, 1918. He was a sickly, awkward child without the strength to pick cotton or help around his parents' farm. When visitors arrived, little Oral ran to hide because he stammered and stuttered.

When he was sixteen years old, Oral was playing in a basketball tournament in Atoka, Oklahoma. Just before the final whistle blew, the youth collapsed and lay writhing on the floor, blood spurting from his mouth. He was treated, then taken home and immediately placed in bed.

"Papa, I've gone the last mile of the way," he informed his father, Ellis M. Roberts, a farming preacher.

During the next six months, Oral's weight plunged downward from a robust 160 to a feeble 118 pounds. He was unable to use his legs until "The Lindsay Saints," a touring group of evangelists from Lindsay, Oklahoma, prayed one night with the sick boy until dawn. Afterward, Oral Roberts said he felt the Lord's presence on his legs. "I am saved!" cried the happy boy.

A short time later, Oral was taken to a gospel tent meeting in a nearby community. The physicians had diagnosed his lungs as containing a tubercular condition. Oral sat on a chair padded with pillows and listened to Brother George Moncey preach his sermon. When the healing part of the meeting arrived, Brother Moncey placed his hands on Roberts and ordered the illness to leave his lungs.

Suddenly, Oral Roberts leaped from his chair. "I am healed! I am well," he shouted, dashing around the crowded tent. Not only were his lungs healed, according to Reverend Roberts, but his stuttering condition had been completely cured.

For the next decade, Oral Roberts preached and studied at various religious universities. In 1946, Reverend Roberts was minister of the Pentecostal Holiness Church in Toccoa, Georgia, and held revivals throughout the southeastern states.

One afternoon, a deacon of the Toccoa church dropped an automobile motor on his foot. Clyde Lawson was screaming and blood was gushing from his shoe when Roberts arrived at the scene of the accident. Roberts said he knelt and prayed for the injured man. Suddenly, Clyde Lawson stopped screaming.

"The pain has stopped," Lawson said, mystified.

"He took off his shoe and found his foot was perfectly normal," Roberts reported later. "I could not deny that a miracle had been wrought."

Reverend Roberts and his family returned to Oklahoma shortly after the incident and, after a time of restlessness, Roberts said that he received a call from God. Roberts was lying on the floor when he claimed to have heard the command: "*Get on your feet! Drive your car one block and turn right!*"

Roberts followed these directions.

Then, God said, "*From this moment you will heal the sick and cast out devils by my powers!*"

Reverend Roberts rented a downtown auditorium in Enid, Oklahoma, and held a large healing service. "There were numerous people healed," said a Roberts aide. "One elderly lady had suffered from a stiff hand for almost forty years and the condition was healed."

When enthusiastic people called Reverend Roberts a "faith healer," he replied that he conducted healing services. "Only God can heal," he has said repeatedly.

Roberts resigned his pastorate in Enid and took over a series of healing services being conducted in Tulsa by Brother Steve Pringle. Roberts' sermons packed the gospel tent every night.

Shortly after the services had been started in Tulsa, reports were circulated that a blind man had regained his sight. Hundreds of sick people came from towns throughout the Southwest, and Roberts was on his way as a famed holder of healing services.

One of the most widely traveled religious leaders in history, Oral Roberts and his healing crusades have journeyed to many continents. Reverend Roberts was perhaps the first minister to publicly launch the present interest in healing services. The Oral Roberts Evangelistic Association is headquartered in the "Abundant Life" building in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where crusades are planned and launched.

THE COMMUNIST WHO WAS CURED

• The rolling hills of southern France were vivid with colorful autumn leaves during the first week of October, 1954. Anton Cartier, a French Communist, sat gingerly beside his wife as she drove their second-hand Peugeot automobile toward the Lourdes shrine.

Cartier was a tall, slender man in his mid-fifties with a vigorous, energetic appearance. His hair was rumpled and his open-necked sport shirt was improperly buttoned. This was understandable, because Anton Cartier was paralyzed on his left side. Three years previously, he had fallen from a ladder while painting the eaves of his suburban Paris home. Medical doctors and scores of specialists had treated the paralysis without success. "Sometimes I feel like half a man," he had often told his pert, dark-eyed wife.

Cartier was a dedicated minor official in the French Communist party. He had learned to sneer at religion during World War II when he fought with a Communist-led group of underground fighters who harassed the Nazis. Party eyebrows had arched with surprise when Cartier married Marie Bindel, a devout young woman who took her religion seriously.

There had been feverish arguments in their home when Marie first suggested the trip to Lourdes. "I don't believe in such ridiculous things," sneered Anton. "Can you imagine what my friends would say were they to hear about it?"

"Your friends! You mean a bunch of atheistic Reds!" snorted Marie.

"It's out of the question. The doctors can't cure me, so I'm doomed to lie like this, bedfast, for the rest of my life."

"Have faith," Marie pleaded.

Week after week, Marie Cartier implored her husband to make the journey to Lourdes. Reluctantly, he at last consented to the trip. "At least it will shut her up and allow me some peace," he concluded.

When the couple arrived at Lourdes, Cartier cynically dismissed the colorful pageantry of the processions. His lips curled into a sneer at the hundreds of pilgrims and their attentive devotion to the shrine.

"Do not laugh. I have seen cures with my own eyes," said a *brancardier*, who bore stretchers for the faithful who wished to reach the healing spring.

"Mass hypnotism," laughed Cartier.

"The healing power of God," said the stretcher bearer.

When he was placed in the chilly spring waters at Lourdes, Cartier cast a doleful glance at the pilgrims around him. A fat woman with the ruddy face of a kewpie doll bathed a shriveled arm in the waters. A young girl with a deformed spine was splashed with the healing waters. An old man shaking from a palsied trembling sought the power of healing.

Then, suddenly, to his left, the paralyzed man saw the small boy. His legs were walled with stainless steel braces. Two unblinking eyes stared blindly from beneath a golden array of boyish hair.

The blind child slipped in the water and flailed his arms. Cartier grabbed the slender body.

"Thank you, Monsieur!" said the grateful boy. "Will you pray for me? I want to see the world everyone talks about."

"Perhaps you will see, my son," the Communist said.

"This is my fifth trip but nothing seems to happen," the lad replied sadly.

A sudden wave of compassion engulfed Anton Cartier. Tears welled in his eyes, and he placed his hands in the pose of prayer. "O God! If you exist, please grant this child the gift of sight. He deserves to see."

It was several minutes before the paralyzed man left the spring waters. He felt very faint and his heart palpitated in a strange fashion.

As the *brancardiers* were helping Cartier onto the stretcher, he felt a sudden surge of energy in his paralyzed leg. The next moment, Cartier discovered that it was possible to move his arm.

An hour later, the grateful man and his wife knelt at a nearby chapel and gave thanks for the miraculous cure. Not only had the Communist official been cured, but the event had reaffirmed his faith in Christianity. Symbolically, he tore his party cards into shreds and tossed them to the autumn wind.

Days later, news of the cure swept throughout France. The healing of the former Communist became another of the unauthenticated healings at the Lourdes shrine. Several psychiatrists commented on the alleged miracle. Some-maintained that Cartier had suffered from a feeling of guilt due to his party affiliations and that his paralysis was a self-induced psychosomatic method of punishment. His pity for the blind child and the emotional involvement with the Lourdes pageantry had, according to certain theorists, shocked the middle-aged man from his paralysis.

"It makes a pretty theory," Cartier agreed. "Nevertheless, despite their learned backgrounds, I feel these gentlemen are wrong. I was a complete skeptic until the moment of my healing."

The Communist who was reconverted to Christianity now works in a Parisian factory and has joined his wife in an active, Church-centered life.

HEALING BY SOUL PROJECTION

• The five-year-old boy lay burning with fever. What had begun as a chest cold had developed into an acute case of pleurisy, and the boy's lungs were rapidly filling with the fluid that would gradually extinguish his life force.

"Daddy," the boy moaned. "Please bring me a drink . . . so thirsty. . . ."

"Your daddy is across the ocean," his stepmother told the boy gently. "I'll bring you a drink."

The woman left the boy's sick room in a state of agitation. She did not know how to cope with such a situation. The doctor had told her that the boy hovered on the edge of death, that this night might be his last. What could she do other than to maintain a vigil at his bedside and pray for his recovery?

Her daughter approached her in the kitchen where she was filling a glass with fresh water. "How is little Paul?" the girl asked.

"He's no better . . . worse," the woman said, catching nervously at her lower lip with her teeth. "The doctor came while you were in school today. He said that Paul may die."

The woman barely managed to release the final word before she burst into tears. What could she do to help the boy? What would her new husband think of her if she allowed his young son to die?

Her daughter was strangely calm. "There is a way," she said. "There is a way to help Paul."

"If you know a way, then help him!" her mother screamed, dangerously near hysteria.

"I shall," the girl said matter-of-factly.

Late that night, the girl slipped into her young stepbrother's room.

"They say that tonight is likely to be your last, little Paul," she whispered as she paused beside the bed where the boy lay. "I shall not allow that to happen."

The girl sat down beside the bed and assumed the lotus posture. She took a couple of deep breaths and slipped out of her physical form into the *Atma Sarup*, the soul body.

In her non-physical self, she was removed from the normal barriers of time and space. She took the boy out of his physical body, also, and the two soul bodies hung off the ceiling like a pair of eyes viewing the body on the bed below.

"See, Paul," his stepsister pointed out, "your astral body is like a large X-ray of your human form. Do not be alarmed and do not be frightened."

Today Paul Twitchell remembers that his stepsister accomplished his healing by impressing upon both his astral and his physical body the thought that he would be made whole again.

"Instantly I knew that all was well and that the living clay lying on the bed would be my temple again. However, I was reluctant to go back into the body. It seemed so wonderful to be able to soar free of the flesh. But my stepsister impressed upon me the thought that it was necessary to return to the human body.

"The next moment I remember awakening to find the family standing by the bed, completely surprised at the swift recovery of their youngest child. Two weeks later when my father returned home, I heard him thank my stepsister for saving my life; it seemed that he had projected himself to the house, from overseas, for the same reason, only to find my stepsister taking care of it."

Paul Twitchell of San Diego, California, maintains that such a method of healing is one of the oldest arts and that many saints healed by use of the soul body.

Twitchell is the only known Occidental teaching the ancient science of controlled bilocation, or soul travel. In order to become a member of the secret world brotherhood that uses this facility of being able to get in and out of the body to heal others even by distance, Twitchell and his stepsister studied under Sudar Singh in Allahabad, India. Later, Twitchell found Rebazar Tarzs, the great Tibetan Lama, who was teaching Eckankar.

"But healing is only one aspect of Eckankar," Twitchell stresses. "Its primary purpose is to give the soul an opportunity to travel the ancient, secret path to the true realm of God."

Twitchell's daily mail is flooded with requests for help and testimonials to previous healings:

From Mrs. H.R., Nevada: ". . . *I was in bed and the conviction that I would be made whole came as if out of nowhere, as my mind was not consciously concerned with the state of my health. This strong conviction stayed with me for hours and, as I said, my improvement has been constant since. Again my thanks for your help and may it continue.*"

"*Just talked with J.G. You did it again! She is talking almost perfectly. Still an occasional scratchiness, but she is so very much better. . . . you are magnificent!*"—Miss M.R., Denver, Colorado.

A testimonial from West Germany: "*I was very skeptical. . . . a good beginning has been achieved and I am longing for my complete recovery. Therefore I beg you to continue your efforts in healing my appalling illness of muscular dystrophy. At the same time I thank you very much for all the goodness I'll be lucky to receive from the spiritual gift of healing.*"

One might argue that much of the adept's power lies in auto-suggestion. This may or may not be true, but what makes this one man such a charismatic figure that he can inspire healing at distances of several thousand miles? Details of his personal background are virtually unknown; he seldom sees clients personally; he refuses to talk on the telephone and regularly changes his unlisted telephone number. What is there about the rather anonymous personality of Paul Twitchell that is so commanding? Or does his soul body, the *Atma Sarup* actually transcend the laws of time and space and aid the natural laws of healing?

"*I'd like to begin with thanks . . . so thanks so much for healing my fluttering, afflicted heart. I felt your healing.*"—N.K., New Jersey.

"*My husband has noticed light at the sides of his eyes. Our first real sign of improvement in years.*" I.K., England. (Then, in a follow-up letter four months later) "*I am happy to say that the light coming in at the sides of his eyes has now clarified to allow him to discern shapes.*"

"I wrote to you in January to ask for your help. Having had five operations, I was desperate. Now after three years, I am well after receiving your letters. I have had no return of my illness."—I.B., England.

On and on the letters come.

Students and former patients of Twitchell testify to his ability to heal via the soul body and to read the Akashic records of former incarnations, in which, many believe, the true origin of illness in the present life may be found.

Several questions come to the mind of the skeptic and the searcher alike. It seems only fair to let Paul Twitchell answer them for himself.

How does absentee healing work?

"One must remember that healing of this nature is such an intricate process that those who request it must be aware that it depends upon themselves as to whether or not they will be healed.

"Regardless of the method used, success is not always factual for the requestee. This is true of all methods of this nature, like Lourdes or Oral Roberts' touch by hand."

Can you determine what percentage of your patients are cured by your method of healing?

"I cannot give you a percentage of success in this field, mainly because so many people do not know how to communicate. They merely write saying that they feel better. Usually, in doing so, they tend to project their feelings into other requests for themselves.

"This is discouraging, for it seems to indicate that they consider their bodies like a machine that can be easily repaired. By the same token, if they regard themselves like, for example, an automobile, that is all the more reason why they should give the healer an accurate report of themselves. When parts start to go on an old car, something else is bound to go very soon. The healer should know that the right source was not healed."

Can someone request healing for a third party?

"No one should ask for healing except for himself, otherwise he may be interfering with the freedom of someone else's state of consciousness.

"For example, some people do not want to be healed, for having an affliction gives them certain advantages. They are able to use their affliction as a social lever on others, and since I cannot nor will not have anything to do with controlling others and their social conduct, it is a waste of time to ask this.

"Once a mother asked me to 'heal' her son of drinking. My reply to her was to let him ask for himself. Perhaps he liked to drink. Perhaps he did not want to change. Therefore, this was not my problem and would not be until the son himself would make it my problem by his own request."

How do you accomplish absentee healing?

"Frankly, I, of myself, do not heal, but it is Spirit flowing through me, using me as a channel. If I am in a high or total state of consciousness, I am able to work with anyone who wants healing. But again, I cannot guarantee success. This is because, First: Spirit makes its own choice of whether it will heal anyone; its innate wisdom knows better than anyone in the human state of consciousness what is best for anyone personally.

"Second: if one must finish out a piece of karma [the divine laws of debt and credit, cause and effect] then Spirit will not interfere whatsoever. I have had to tell people, who have been disappointed because of a lack of healing, that I neither outline nor direct Spirit what to do. I can only request it to heal a person.

"Third: Spirit will often do something other than healing for the person. For example, a person might need knowledge more than he needs healing, even though he may have requested a healing.

"I once made a request of this spiritual power to give a man a job opportunity, as he had requested, but instead, the man got healing. Spirit knew that this man needed a health problem handled before he could work effectively. The man was dissatisfied at first, but later he found excellent employment.

"Another point to be made here is that Spirit flowing through myself will dissolve the problems of another within the Cosmic Consciousness. While this is true, I must be careful not to take on the karmic problem of anyone who has made the request of myself. This has happened a few times, and when I discovered what had happened, I turned it over to Spirit, which took care of the problem. Neither will I touch anyone who has a karmic debt to be paid, except maybe to help lighten the load. Otherwise, I am interfering with spiritual law."

Is it, then, a spiritual force which accomplishes the actual healing?

"Yes, it is Spirit that flows through the channel, lifting up the human state of consciousness, correcting all errors in it. But one must distinguish between the psychic and the spiritual states.

"There are healings via the psychic, or mental, state of consciousness, but these healings are not likely to stay. It is an unstable force, a lower force than that of the spiritual, and even though certain healings have been accomplished with mental force, it is not likely that the cure will be permanent."

Should one always heal? Are there times when you might refuse to heal someone because of certain factors of which you, in your heightened state of perception, may be aware?

"One must always consider the survival factor of the individual who is to be healed. If the person has a good survival attitude, by that I mean that he has hope, faith, a cheerful disposition and a strong desire to achieve positive results, he is more likely to have good, permanent healing.

"But those persons who are in non-survival states wallow in grief, misery, lack of faith, apathy. Such attitudes are not likely to bring about healing.

"For example, one woman wrote, 'I would like to have you try to heal me, but I have tried four other healers. I doubt if you can help me, but you may try if you wish.'

"This woman prided herself on her lack of faith toward healers, but yet she hoped that a miracle might happen. I promptly forgot her. She was in the non-survival area."

Speaking of miracles, do they occur in absentee healing?

"Timing on any healing depends on certain factors, too. There are miracles, spontaneous healings, which happen at once. There are also healings which take time. Occasionally I will give a time limit on a healing, such as ten days, and the requestee will write back to inform me that the healing has been accomplished within the time limit which I have set.

"It is enjoyable to be able to help people in this manner. Many people begin to receive their healing as soon as they drop their letters to me in the mail box. Spirit knows and will start working for them, as I am only a channel for Spirit to flow through, to touch all things and lift them up, through healing, better living conditions, and the repairing of human relationships. Most of all, I seek to give them greater love for all things—especially life and God."

You have been practicing Eckankar for many years. Why do you consider it to be superior to other healing systems?

"Eckankar is the only system I know that will give one the ability to be the all-around spiritual person, that is, to be able to heal, to prophecy, to show others the worlds beyond, and to take them into God-Realization."

"ONCE I WAS BLIND BUT NOW I SEE..."

• In 1960, cab driver Charles E. Fannell maneuvered his taxi through traffic in Athens, Tennessee, and brought the vehicle to a halt at an intersection. Fannell idly raced the motor of his taxi as he waited for the red light to change. Then he could proceed on his trip.

As a line of pedestrians moved across the street, Fannell glanced at his wristwatch. His eyes clouded with a gray mist and his surroundings dimmed. The sixty-five-year-old cab driver was soon completely blind.

Fannell sought medical treatment, but eye specialists could only shake their heads hopelessly. "The only thing that can restore your eyesight is a miracle," declared one physician.

Two years later, around Thanksgiving, 1962, Charles Fannell was a patient in Ft. Sanders Hospital in Knoxville, Tennessee, recovering from a severe case of influenza. Although he had endured his blindness, the Tennessean had continued to wear his wristwatch, due to habit.

As he lay in bed, Fannell's eyes suddenly focused on his wristwatch. The numerals on the watch dial were clearly discernible.

Overwhelmed with happiness, Fannell leaped from his hospital bed and dashed down the hospital corridors. "I can see! I can see!" he shouted joyfully.

He kissed every nurse within range then merrily pranced back to his bed.

Charles Fannell enjoyed full vision at the last report. Surprisingly, the elderly Tennessean required eyeglasses before his affliction but did not need them after his sight returned.

HAITI'S BIZARRE VOODOO HEALERS

• A blazing fire crackled in the jungle clearing and illuminated the bronze-skinned cultists as they danced deliriously to the strange throbbing of the voodoo drums. Near a clay altar, a hot-eyed priest rattled two filigreed bells and stroked a black cat that had been caged for the forthcoming bloody sacrifice.

This primitive rite, with its savage, prehistoric undertones, is a healing service conducted by one of Haiti's most renowned voodoo priests.

"The natives believe in voodoo, and the old shamans have made some incredible cures," claimed an exiled Haitian landowner. "Animals and birds are sacrificed to the particular voodoo god they wish to cure the patient. It used to be a bull or a pig; since 'Papa Doc' became dictator of the island these animals are too valuable. A bird or rooster is now the usual sacrifice."

Before the voodoo dancing starts, the cultists rhythmically chant incantations, stamp their feet, rattle bells, wave flags or blow on jugs. The priest traces a sacred symbol on the earth with a carved stick.

"They have several gods who are supposed to perform the healing," said the Haitian. "Erzulie is my favorite. She's said to be young, quite wealthy, as beautiful as mortal man can dream of and sexually insatiable. Erzulie is believed to heal those whose problems are linked with love and sex.

"Linglesou is their morbid god of murder. Sousou Pannan loves alcohol and blood," added the Haitian. "Sousou is supposed to have the ability to heal those with circulatory and similar ills. Baron Cimitierre, a fancy old fellow with a dress suit and top hat, is called the 'Lord of the Cemetery.' He's the mythical leader of the living dead men, or zombies, who the natives swear prowl through the jungles at night. When all else has failed, the healing priest calls on the baron, or a snake god, to cure his cultist patients."

Most voodoo priests depend heavily on the curative power of suggestion. The chantings, animal sacrifices, strong drink and uninhibited dancing send many patients into hypnotic traces. "They are then possessed of one of their gods," according to a voodoo observer.

Many voodoo priests prescribe certain wild roots and herbs as additional healing catalysts. Some of these folk cures have actual value, while others are wholly dependent upon the superstitions and ignorance of the misled cultists. Among the bizarre prescriptions are:

Lockjaw or Tetanus: If caused by stepping on a nail, take the nail and drive it into a leafy tree. If the nail is driven in on the sunrise side, the wound will heal overnight.

Pyorrhea or gum problems: Rinse the mouth each morning with your own urine. Do this for two weeks and the trouble will disappear. (Note: this same prescription for pyorrhea was also considered effective by American pioneers.)

Snake bite: Kill another snake, skin it, and cut the body into small strips of meat. Place the snake meat over the bite and the poison will be drawn out. Poison likes snake meat more than a human being.

Lost love: To make a man remain faithful, measure his height with a piece of string and then tie nine knots in the cord. Curse all other women—particularly your potential rivals—while tying the knots. As the last knot is being tied, say the name of your husband or lover. Repeat this chant: "Fall in bed! Fall in bed!" Wear the knotted string about your waist and the man can never make love to another woman.

Invisible Stew: To become invisible, catch a black cat at night and boil it in a large kettle. Keep the lid of the kettle tightly closed. Eat the cat at midnight, including the bones and fur. You can then snap your fingers and become invisible whenever you desire.

One sociologist, who has studied voodoo, calls it "the primitive art of delusion." Another observer sees the strange cult as "a link with the ancient arts practiced by our superstitious ancestors." A medical doctor who spent considerable time in Haiti observing voodoo rituals and so-called healing services says, "They practice a brand of medicine that can effect a cure in a large number of cases. I call it the 'cult of suggestibility.'"

As many Haitians believe in the witch doctors' power to heal, many of the bizarre recipes and rituals perform their intended duties. There is very little comment in Haiti on "invisible stew." Even the heartiest native pales at the thought of enduring the gastronomical process necessary to achieve invisibility.

GRANNY GRANT'S HEALING HANDS

• There was always the sound of laughter and a hearty zest for life wherever Granny Grant journeyed during her strange trek through the Appalachian mountains during the dark depression days of the 1930's. A tall, muscular woman with a loose-jointed stride, Granny Grant's thick hands frequently brushed back a thatch of black hair flecked with gray.

Those powerful hands were her pride. "The Lord works miracles through these palms of mine," she claimed. "He's healed thousands of people. It ain't my doing. I ain't nothing but the vessel. He's the one what heals."

Granny Grant would wander into an isolated hill community and spend a few days moving from home to home. Her entire security depended upon the hospitality and neighborliness of the traditionally clannish mountaineers. Yet, without a doubt, news of her miraculous powers preceded her arrival.

"A woman down't Hazard, Kentucky, cured my laig," claimed an old miner.

But, when the crippled and infirm arrived in Hazard, they heard that Granny Grant had left for Williamson, West Virginia. She seemed driven by a strong impulse to move through the hills and share her gift of healing.

"Stay put in one place and she'll get to ye," became a familiar expression as the hill folk gathered on their porches or before their fireplaces and talked of the miracle woman.

In 1937, Granny Grant's tall, black-garbed figure was a familiar figure in the hills and hollows around Paradise, Kentucky. Whistling cheerfully, the seemingly ageless woman with the ruddy cheeks carried her worldly belongings in a small cardboard suitcase. Material things such as money and

property never interested Granny. She was too busy healing.

"Any sick people in these here parts?" she asked of a crossroads grocery store owner, a few miles south of Paradise.

"Only one I know of is Mis' Midkiff," replied the merchant, carefully chewing a mouthful of Mail Pouch tobacco.

"What ails her?"

"She's got a terrible goiter on her neck," said the merchant. "It just seems to sap all the strength the woman has. She's been down in bed with it for quite a spell."

An hour later, Granny Grant was in Mrs. Midkiff's bedroom. The patient was strongly in need of healing. An enormous goiter ballooned outward from beneath her chin and her face was a livid purple.

"My name is Granny Grant and I've been healing folks for years with these two hands of mine." The tall traveler spread her fingers wide and held her hands before the patient's eyes. "See those fingers? The power of healing is in 'em. Do you believe I can heal you with the touch of my hand?"

The flabbergasted woman nodded weakly. "I—I guess so."

"Do you believe that people were put on this earth to enjoy life and live like kings and queens every live-long day of their blessed lives?"

"Maybe some can," Mrs. Midkiff said. "But my life is filled with trouble and misery."

"Then these hands will cure you," Granny Grant shouted, twisting her hands in a twirling motion. "Now, I'm going to lay my hands on your goiter and don't be surprised if you feel something hot and powerful shoot through your body. That's only the powers of my healing hands. I'm just the vessel, y'know, for a power greater than me."

Mrs. Midkiff stiffened as the strong, warm hands pressed against the painful goiter. Whatever doubt existed in the dubious woman disappeared with the first surge of healing power that swept through her body. The goiter seemed to shrink before those hands were lifted.

"I felt it," shouted Mrs. Midkiff. "I felt it."

"Of course you did," said Granny Grant. "Now, I'll stay here through the night if you invite me and give you treatments."

"I'm sorry. I didn't think to ask you to stay." Mrs. Midkiff was embarrassed. She shouted instructions to her oldest daughter, Thelma. "Make a place at the table for Granny Grant!"

Throughout that night and far into the next afternoon, Granny Grant's healing hands were laid on the shrinking goiter. Twenty-four hours after her arrival, the knowledgeable healer predicted the goiter would disappear after a brief interval. Mrs. Midkiff left her bed and ate at the family table for the first time in several months. Her sparkling eyes glistened with the renewed vigor of life.

"I don't know how to thank you, ma'm," said Paul Midkiff. "We ain't got much money, but you're welcome to anything we have."

"No pay, my friend," said Granny Grant cheerfully. "I never take nothing but my food and lodging for doing my healing. This is my mission in life. Now, can you tell me of another poor soul who needs help?"

Paul Midkiff furrowed his brow. "There's the little Hensley boy. Lives over on the other fork. Family's worried about him 'cause he's always having fits. Poor child just curls up anywhere and starts kicking and yelling."

"Give me the directions to their home and I'll be on my way," said Granny Grant, throwing her few belongings into the dusty, battered cardboard valise.

Granny Grant wandered throughout the backwoods of Kentucky, West Virginia and Tennessee doing her good work. Hitchhiking or walking through the rain or sunshine, she brought the "laying on of the hands" to thousands of persons and, if legends are to be believed, she cured many of her patients.

The laying on of the hands goes back to Biblical times, and it can be compared to a crackling spurt of electricity. Most healers profess that they are nothing more than the transmitter for a higher power. Many patients claim the "laying on of the hands" is much more than a symbolic gesture to cure psychosomatic ills. They swear a powerful, lightning-like force surges through the healer's hands and is transmitted into their sickened bodies. Some unseen, supernatural force heals the stricken and the crippled, according to their own testimonies.

Like Granny Grant, few practitioners of hand healing are

scientifically trained. They accept the patient's word for his symptoms or what the patient believes his ills to be.

History records only one instance of Granny Grant's comments on her powers. "If a person thinks they're sick, they're heading for the grave," she stated. "It don't matter what starts a disease, whether it's in a sick woman's head or from a tree falling and crippling a leg. The main thing is that the laying on of the hands worked in ancient times and it works today. Doctor fellows ought to look into it; they could save a lot of people's time and trouble. But I don't think they ever will. Most people believe only what they see."

In the era of the atom, neutron and proton, perhaps we can now be mature enough to investigate the strange healing powers of the laying on of the hands.

THE INCURABLE WAS CURED

• Pauline Scott is a healthy, twenty-year-old Englishwoman with dynamic vitality and a love for life. Yet, only eleven years ago when she was nine years old, physicians diagnosed a curious malady in the girl as being caused by an incurable blood disease.

"Medical science is hopeless in these tasks," an open-minded doctor told Miss Scott's relatives. "The only thing I can suggest is that you take her to a religious healing shrine and pray for a miracle."

However, before the journey could be undertaken, Pauline's condition worsened and the girl was placed in an oxygen tent.

"She has only a few days to live," said her physician sadly.

Pauline told reporters what occurred next: "I heard a doctor and a nurse talking near my bed. They thought I was asleep and they said it would be doubtful if I lived until morning. I prayed to get well and something happened and the disease disappeared. I think it was a miracle that did it."

The Family Doctor, a medical magazine in England, also termed the paranormal cure as an outstanding example of miraculous healing.

THE RIVER THAT HEALS

• The farmer limped to the edge of the river, sat down amidst the tall grass on the bank and began to take off his workshoes.

"Hey, Pa," called his younger son, as he ran to join him on the bank. "Are you goin' to wade in the healing river?"

"That's right, son," the farmer said, gingerly removing his left foot from the heavy shoe. He slid the trouser leg up to reveal a heavily bandaged area on his calf. "Doc's been treating this for months now, and it is still about as ugly as when the hog tried to eat me up."

"Our science teacher says healing rivers is all a lot of bunk," the boy told his father.

"That so?" the man asked as he began to unwind the wrappings around his calf.

"Oowee," gasped the boy when the bandages came off to disclose the ugly, festered wound. "That sure is a terrible-looking hole in your leg, Pa. Does it hurt much?"

The farmer raised a craggy eyebrow at his son's question. "Now why do you suppose I been limping so? Did you figure it was just a plan I figured out to get you and your brothers to do all the chores?"

"Our science teacher says it can be real bad if a fella gets dirty old river water in an open wound," the boy said as his father struggled to his feet.

"You just never mind now, hear? You just help me down that river bank, so I can wade in the healing river."

Within two days after the farmer waded in the waters of the stream called the Shalotte Inlet, the ugly wound on his calf was healed.

This strange stream, which seems to have mysterious powers of healing, is located sixteen miles from Shalotte in Brunswick County in southeastern North Carolina. The Atlanta *Journal and Constitution* printed a tribute to the curative ability of the stream by Joseph F. Hufham.

Hufham had been suffering from a chronic eye ailment when he bathed in the river while on a fishing trip. Although the vision in his eye was improved almost immediately, the healing for Hufham was purely accidental. He had not entered the river with the notion of being cured of the eye affliction. He had simply gone about the matter of personal hygiene while roughing it on his camping trip.

After Hufham reported the unexpected cure, he began to receive scores of testimonials from others who had long known of the miraculous powers of Shalotte Inlet and who had enjoyed marvelous healings. The folklore of the area had long testified to the wonderful power of healing that lay in the waters of the inlet.

One man told Hufham that he had been afflicted with mysterious, pea-sized swellings, which split and oozed watery blood. He came to the banks of Shalotte Inlet, bathed his pain-swollen arms and, four days later, the festering bumps had completely disappeared.

Testimonials to the inlet's ability to heal infections may be obtained by the basketful.

Hufham noted that the healing properties of the stream might lie in a tall grass with a bread-like core which grows on its banks. When the seed of this unique grass ripens, the direct rays of the sun cause the core to swell, ooze out and begin to mold. The salt water of high tide washes off the mold and low tide deposits the mixture of mold and salt water in Shalotte Inlet.

Investigators have determined that the combination of salt water and seed mold forms a substance quite similar to that of penicillin in its ability to combat infection. North Carolina's healing stream seems to be yet another example of folk medicine which truly works.

THE HEALING WATERS OF SNAPFINGER CREEK

• Elderly Mrs. John Bohne of Chattanooga, Tennessee, lay on a mound of feather pillows in the cluttered back seat of the green and white 1956 Chevrolet. Her gaunt, weak body bounced with the movement of the car as Earl, her son-in-law, maneuvered the vehicle through the heavy traffic in downtown Atlanta, Georgia.

"Don't drive so fast," snapped Mrs. Bohne. She had always felt Earl could never drive a car. It drove itself, speeding up and then braking, like a beast torn with indecision.

"Relax, Mother," said Earl. "We'll soon be there."

Mrs. Bohne returned to her pillows. She seemed no larger than a small child, a child stricken and grotesquely aged by some mysterious malady. Her bony arms protruded from beneath the wrinkled fabric of her black cotton dress like the limbs of some bird-like creature. The wrinkled pallor of her hollow face was intensified by the harsh Georgia sunlight.

"We'll soon be there, Mother," said her daughter, Opal. "Snapfinger Creek is just on the edge of town."

"I have no use for such nonsense," snapped the old woman, glancing at her daughter with a long, hostile stare. "If doctoring wouldn't make me well, nothing will."

"There are plenty of people who've been cured in the waters of Snapfinger Creek," said Earl, braking the car for a red light. "I heard about one fellow who was paralyzed. He took a swim in the creek and now walks around like anybody else."

"I don't believe it," said the old lady.

A half hour later, the solicitous son-in-law stopped the car near a meandering, brackish creek on the edge of the Atlanta city limits. At first glance, Snapfinger Creek appears to be nothing more than a haven for minnows and crayfish. However, more than twenty years ago, a group of evangelists used the creek as a baptismal place for their rites of total immersion. Several persons experienced a healing effect from their immersion in the waters; and after several Georgia columnists publicized these cures, people flocked into Atlanta to bathe in Snapfinger's supposedly healing waters. Although there is no church or healing shrine near the creek, several cures were miraculously effected. News of the incredible results spread by word of mouth throughout the southeastern states.

". . . our boy was doing poorly and the doctors gave him up for a hopeless case," swore a mother in Savannah, Georgia. "Snapfinger cured him, thank the Lord!"

". . . A little girl with polio was able to walk about a month after a trip down to the healing creek," a popular Nashville disc jockey announced on his show one afternoon.

"Snapfinger cured my arthritis," claimed an aged mountaineer from Spring City, Tennessee.

Impressed with these claims of healing powers, Earl Adkins convinced his reluctant mother-in-law to make the journey to Atlanta for immersion in the stream.

"I was suffering from pain in every joint in my body," Mrs. Bohne described her symptoms. "Sometimes my fingers would swell up to twice their normal size. I suffered from fevers during the night and wasn't able to keep food in my stomach." Her weight plummeted down from a healthy 140 pounds to a scant ninety-four pounds. The medical profession was mystified. Doctors were unable to diagnose the mysterious illness. She visited medical doctors, osteopaths and faith healers in an effort to seek treatment for her affliction.

Earl Adkins told of how the cure was effected: "Mother Bohne was very reluctant about getting out of the car when I parked at the edge of Snapfinger Creek. She didn't want any part of the thing. She was whining like the dickens when I lifted her out of the car and carried her down to the creek bank. Opal helped remove her dress and petticoat. Mrs. Bohne had a bathing suit on underneath. I took off my shoes and waded out in the stream. I told her: "You might as well come on because we're not going home until you try it.' "

"I'll fall and drown," Mrs. Bohne protested.

"I'm right here to catch you," said her son-in-law.

Reluctantly, Mrs. Bohne feebly stepped into the creek. The water swirled around her thin legs, and she felt the oozing mud squish between her toes.

"Lay down in the creek, mother," Opal suggested.

Earl Adkins assisted his mother-in-law down into the stream. The water flowed over her entire body.

"I began to feel something powerful tugging at something inside me," claimed Mrs. Bohne later. "It was as if the creek water was washing away my sickness. I refused to move from the water for almost a half hour. Then, I stood up and told my kinfolk I was well. 'Don't worry about me,' I said, 'I'm cured.' "

Mrs. Bohne walked unassisted to the car and requested her son-in-law to drive to a restaurant. "I want a big platter of fried chicken, with plenty of biscuits and gravy," she announced. "Them waters cured whatever ailed me."

Opal Adkins cried with joy, and Earl wondered about the mysterious power of Snapfinger's healing waters.

After the Tennesseans had enjoyed a hearty lunch, Earl Adkins drove again to the banks of Snapfinger Creek and obtained a specimen of the water. When he returned to Chattanooga, Adkins had a chemist at a local factory analyze the brackish liquid. "It's nothing but creek water with a bit of mud mixed in," was the analyst's verdict.

No minister has ever made any claims for the unusual stream, and no one declares divine power of healing for the water. However, there are enough documented case histories of cures to convince even the most skeptical that the tiny stream must contain some miraculous ability to accomplish healings for many people.

THE CURE THAT COMBATTED CANCER

• Staff physicians, interns and nurses at New York's Memorial and James Ewing hospitals were shaken at their first glimpse of the cheerful, eight-year-old blond boy. The child had been carefully examined and the results of the diagnosis were conclusive.

"He has an advanced case of cancer in his thigh bone," announced the head resident, handing a set of X-rays to an intern.

"What are the chances for survival in these cases?" the intern inquired.

"Darn slim. Assuming we can perform surgery successfully and stop the cancer from spreading, there is still the five-year survival rate with this type of cancer," said the experienced doctor.

"What does that mean?"

"Statistically, only five percent of the patients with this type of cancer will be alive five years from now, even after our best efforts," said the head physician sadly. "It's not a pleasant statistic."

Even more unpleasant was the fact that the boy's parents refused to allow surgery to be performed. Shortly after his admittance, the insidious cancer spread to both of the child's lungs.

Despite these grim odds, the eight-year-old patient is now alive and healthy. He is twenty-one years old, and although his condition was tagged as "hopeless" on three different occasions, he has conquered the disease. Cancer did leave its mark on his body, however. The malignant growth spread to the point where a leg had to be amputated.

Not even the physicians who attended the unusual case know how the cure was accomplished. The case was published in detail in the *New England Journal of Medicine* as a possible incentive to further research by interested medical researchers.

During his hospitalization, the child was given radiation therapy. "It is very unlikely that this would have effected a cure," said a mystified physician. "The patient did have two attacks of high fever during the therapy, but this has been noted in previous cases."

A physician who served as a consultant during the preparation of this manuscript commented on the case. "This appears to be an excellent example of spontaneous regression of the disease," he stated.

What is spontaneous regression?

"That's the name we put on something we do not understand," admitted the doctor.

MIRACLE CURES OF IRELAND'S "LOURDES"

• Over eighty years ago, the villagers of Knock in County Mayo, Ireland, were in the midst of terrible famine. Fifteen villagers gathered in the little Catholic church to ask for deliverance from the pangs of hunger which had weakened them all. Then, at one end of the small church, they were amazed to see a glowing light begin to form.

As the astonished villagers gazed spellbound at the brilliant light, they were able to distinguish the figures of the Virgin Mary, St. Joseph and St. John. In the vision, the figures stood at an altar and looked upward at a lamb surrounded by golden stars. Soon after the villagers reported their vision, the diseased who attended the little church were claiming miraculous cures.

Ecclesiastical authorities from the Roman Catholic Church were sent to investigate the alleged vision and the cures which had been ascribed to the holy visitation. After they had spent several days interrogating the villagers of Knock, the cleric's official conclusion stated that they had been convinced that an authentic vision had occurred.

Since that time, the small village of Knock has come to be called the "Irish Lourdes," and medical men continue to be astounded by the number of healings which have taken place at the little church's shrine.

Representative of recent cures would be that of Nicholas Doyle of Bray County, who was stricken with rheumatic fever when he was just a boy of ten. Doctors said that Nicholas' heart had been so severely affected that, in addition to being forbidden to partake of even the mildest forms of exercise, the lad would be confined to bed. Young Nicholas was even denied the almost negligible exertion of knitting as a means to pass the time.

Just a few days after he had been blessed in the tiny village church in Knock, Nicholas was riding his bicycle. His family doctor found himself completely at a loss to explain the miraculous cure.

Bridie Hopkins, a Leeds teen-ager, was another recent case who was taken to Knock. Bridie suffered from a diseased leg bone. She testified that, after she had received the blessing at the shrine, the numbness in her leg disappeared and there came a strange kind of prickling sensation. Four months later, doctors pronounced her leg completely healed.

THE SHEPHERD WITH THE MIRACULOUS HANDS

• The young shepherd frowned in bewilderment as one of the farmers who lived near the village approached him with his wife and child. The shepherd seldom received guests in his lonely vigil on the rocky hillsides of Greece.

"Athanasios," the farmer smiled nervously. "I have brought you my wife and child."

The young shepherd nodded a greeting, uncertain what was expected of him.

"I—I would like you to lay your hands upon our child," the farmer managed at last. "His legs . . . they seem to be growing crooked."

Athanasios' mouth dropped open in astonishment. "I sorrow for the misfortune that has beset the limbs of your son, but what is it that you want of me?"

"To lay your hands on my son as you lay hands on your sheep," the farmer said. "Is not my son as worthy of your ministrations as a lamb?"

"But, my friend," Athanasios tried to explain, "I am a simple shepherd. When my lambs are injured, I care for them. I am no doctor of humans."

The farmer's wife began to weep. "Will he not take pity upon us?"

Her husband put a comforting arm about her shoulders, summoned all of his courage to speak forcefully to the young shepherd, Athanasios Contogeorge. "I was among those who saw you straighten the limbs of the three crippled sheep last week. You worked a miracle upon those lambs. I only ask the same miracle for my son!"

"I can do nothing," Athanasios said. "It is the power of God that goes through my hands."

"Then is not a little child as worthy of receiving that power of God as a little lamb?" the farmer argued.

The shepherd opened his mouth to reply, but no sound came. He considered the farmer's words. The man did speak with a certain logic. He opened his weathered hands and stared at them. He had been healing the injuries of the sheep in his flock since he was a boy. Did God now intend him to use these hands to help his fellow man?

Athanasios felt an inner moment of panic. He was but twenty years old. He had little formal education. Did he have the right to apply his strange power of healing to human beings?

". . . please help us." The words of the farmer's wife distracted Athanasios from his inner debate. He looked up into those mother's eyes shining with tears and made his decision.

"Give me the child," the young shepherd told the parents.

Later, the farmer and his wife left Athanasios weeping in joy over the straightened limbs of their son.

Word soon spread in the hill country of Greece, and within a short time, Athanasios Contogeorge was seeing up to sixty patients a day. The simple shepherd accomplished what is essentially known as orthopedic medicine, but his patients insisted that his powers went far beyond therapeutic massage and manipulation.

When he was a very old man, Athanasios, who came to be called "Vlahos," the Greek word for "shepherd," enjoyed an international reputation. Statesmen and millionaires from all over the world would stand in line with the peasants of the hill country for an opportunity to receive the touch of his miraculous hands.

Once when King Paul of Greece broke his foot in a skiing accident, he sought out the services of the healing shepherd. During a visit to Greece, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia suffered an attack of sciatica and was immediately brought to the shepherd for treatments. At one time, both the American Ambassador and the British Ambassador to Greece were receiving regular treatment from the shepherd who healed with his hands.

In 1941, Athanasios became the center of a great medical controversy. Qualified physicians of the orthodox medical fields charged the shepherd with fraud for claiming that he had the ability to heal with his hands. Athanasios was brought to a courtroom in Athens to face the charges.

The humble, inarticulate shepherd looked up at the judge, then glanced over the awesome assemblage of medical men who were seeking to stop him from using his hands to heal. Athanasios told them that he had never boasted of his powers. Indeed, he did not know why he had such powers.

"But," a doctor questioned him, "you do *profess* to heal, do you not?"

"I *do* heal," Athanasios replied.

The judge asked Athanasios if he possessed a medical certificate from a university or if he had ever obtained a legal permit to practice medicine.

Before the shepherd could answer, a physician had leaped angrily to his feet. "The man cannot even read or write. He is illiterate. How could he possess any kind of legal certificate to practice medicine? The man is a charlatan and must be stopped from practicing his black magic and deluding the hill folk."

The words stung Athanasios. Some he did not understand, but he was able to tell by the doctor's tone that he had been accused of being some kind of fake.

"If the doctors here in the courtroom can do what I am about to do," Athanasios challenged, "I will stop my healing work."

"We did not come here to engage in some cheap test, nor did we come here to accept the challenge of one who practices fraudulent medicine," a spokesman for the doctors said. His words were followed by angry murmurs about the indignity of submitting to the crude theatrics of a faith healer's charade.

In spite of the physicians' protests and their demands that the judge move immediately to a decision which would prohibit Athanasios from practicing his healing art, the judge ordered them to be patient.

The shepherd walked to the back of the courtroom to fetch a lamb which he had tethered there. He worked his hands gently in the lamb's thick fleece and spoke softly to the animal to comfort it. Then, when he once again stood before the judge's bench and his accusers, he broke the sheep's legs. There was a small gasp of astonishment from the medical men and the assembled witnesses in the court at each sharp snap of the bones.

Athanasios approached the doctor nearest him. "Would you please examine the bones to see if they are truly broken?"

The lamb was bleating in pain and jerked pitifully at the doctor's examination. Everyone in the courtroom had heard the brittle snappings of the animal's bones, and everyone could see the grotesque angles of the creature's limbs. An examination may have seemed superfluous, but Athanasios knew the importance of having a doctor declare that the bones were truly broken.

After a brief study of the lamb's leg bones, the doctor conceded that the limbs had been broken.

Without any ceremonial flourishes or incantations, Athanasios set the lamb on the floor and quickly set the bones in place. The lamb got back on its feet and began to run about the courtroom, apparently none the worse for its brief ordeal of pain.

Incredulous doctors snatched up the lamb so that they might run their questioning, professional fingers over the once-broken bones. The small creature was seemingly as whole as ever.

"Now, my friends," the healing shepherd asked softly, "which one among you will do the same?"

The doctors shook their heads as one, and respectfully offered their mass refusal to accept Athanasios' challenge. The astonished judge stood and announced that the shepherd with the miraculous hands had won his case.

WALES' HEALING HOUSEWIFE

• The young mother-to-be was quite distraught and she expressed the anxiety to her sympathetic next-door neighbor.

"The doctor says that the baby is not properly placed in the womb," she said. "He tells me that I must go into the hospital."

"That would be such a pity," Mrs. Bronwen Evans said softly. It had always grieved her so to see people in anguish and pain. She was an avowed enemy of suffering.

"When do you next see your doctor?" Mrs. Evans asked the expectant mother.

"Tomorrow," she sighed. "I'm certain that he'll place me in the hospital then. And what," she asked, her voice almost a sob now, "will become of the baby?"

"Well, now don't worry," Mrs. Evans said. "We'll see if we can't give your doctor a bit of a surprise."

Mrs. Evans placed her hands near her neighbor's stomach and moved her fingers in a twisting motion.

The next day when the expectant mother called upon Mrs. Evans, she was glowing with happiness. She did not have to enter the hospital after all. Everything was as it should be. Her doctor had told her that by "some extraordinary means" the baby had moved to its proper place.

Everyone in the valleys of Wales knew that Mrs. Bronwen Evans was that "extraordinary means," because the charming mother of three children has been accomplishing extraordinary healings since the closing days of World War II.

Mrs. Evans' strange power of healing has advanced to the stage where she can listen to the voice of a patient over the telephone, detect conditions or pains in the caller and, in the majority of cases, deal with and dispose of the illness without ever having seen the patient.

Recently Mrs. Evans told reporter David Jones of the *Herald of Wales* that when she first discovered her gift of healing she seriously thought that she was going "out of my head. But after a time I looked on it more logically, telling myself that if this strange power was meant for me, who was I to try and take it away?"

Mrs. Evans tried for many years to conceal the fact that she was different from other people in her Welsh town of Bridgend. Now, in retrospect, she can realize that many strange and wonderful things happened to her as early as age three.

When she was six, she lived next to a woman who used to swear that young Bronwen was continually bathed in a circling blue light. After her marriage at twenty, Mrs. Evans was asked by a total stranger when she planned to begin healing.

Confused and startled by such an unexpected query from a stranger, Mrs. Evans called her mother to tell her of the unusual happening.

"I know that the woman must have been some sort of crank," Mrs. Evans said. "But I find her words so unsettling."

"Then let us put them to the test," her mother said.

"Test?"

"Yes, I have had this lump on my hand for some time now. If you have the gift of healing, make it go away."

Mrs. Evans reached out with trembling fingers to touch the lump. Then she burst into tears under some nameless tension and a strange feeling of paranormal power. In the sudden paroxysm of tearful release, Mrs. Evans' fingers brushed her mother's head.

"Later, the lump, which was on my mother's hand, appeared in the same size and shape on her head," Mrs. Evans told reporter Jones. "Then I knew I had this strange power."

But even after the mysterious transfer of the lump and Mrs. Evans' subsequent total healing of the traveling growth, Mr. Evans condemned his wife's apparent power of healing as utter nonsense.

Mrs. Evans was astonished that she had unknowingly developed and harbored such a talent, but she had continued to consider the implications of such a power. If it could be true, she had thought, it would be marvelous.

Then one night her husband came home from work with a blinding migraine.

"If you consider yourself a healer," he challenged her, "cure me of this migraine. I've suffered from these bloody headaches long enough."

"I didn't even know what to do even to attempt healing," Mrs. Evans now says. "But somehow my hands were forced above me without any personal control. From then on, my husband suffered no more with it."

Mrs. Evans' next patient was a man who had hardly been able to move because of a leg condition. When she arrived at his home, he managed to struggle up from the sofa and painfully limped to meet her.

She placed her healing hands on the leg that had been so long afflicted. She grasped the precise area of the leg that had caused so much pain.

"Within five minutes, he was able to bend his leg and walk downstairs, something he had never been able to do before.

"From then on," Mrs. Evans said, "I could not stop myself. I was soon seeing forty and fifty patients a week."

Then, as now, Mrs. Bronwen Evans refused to accept a penny for her power of healing.

THE FAITH HEALER WHO CALLED ON THE QUEEN

• She was just a little old lady with white hair who rode a bicycle on her rounds to minister to the sick, but Greet Hofmans had all of Holland in a muddle of confusion in the late 1950's.

Twice a week, a growing number of the citizens of Amsterdam gathered in a dancehall to receive treatment from the former factory worker who was said to administer according to the dictates of her spirit voices. This in itself was not upsetting. There were numerous faith healers in Amsterdam. What had the Dutchmen so disturbed was the frequency of the rumors that said their queen, Juliana, was seeking Miss Hofmans' aid for her younger daughter, Princess Marijke, who had been born with bad eyesight.

The Dutch do not openly criticize their royal family. It was common knowledge that the Queen and her consort, Prince Bernhard, had feared that their last-born was growing blind. Any parent will grasp at straws when he feels that his child is losing his eyesight. Although the Hollanders tended to look the other way, the German news magazine *Der Spiegel* released a story which recounted the alleged details of a rift in the royal household, with Prince Bernhard on one side and Queen Juliana and the Queen Mother on the other.

The Communist press in Holland took up the story and began suggesting a coming divorce between Bernhard and Juliana. French, German and British news media were soon repeating tales of a royal imbroglio, which revolved around the white-haired faith healer. An American news magazine asked the question, "Will Juliana Give Up Throne?"

Marcel Wallenstein, an American who had served with the Brigade of Guards in Britain during World War II and who had come to know Prince Bernhard, decided to investigate the rumors for himself. (His report for the *Kansas City Star* was later reprinted in the January 1957 issue of *Fate.*)

When Wallenstein began his investigation, he learned that a wealthy banker had taken the sixty-one-year-old faith healer under his protection and had built her a low, barrack-like bungalow in a private garden. The bungalow was just a few minutes' cycling distance from the palace.

Wallenstein asked a prominent Amsterdam physician for his opinion of the powers of Greet Hofmans. The doctor shook his head and told the journalist that he had been unable to find a single case in which the faith healer's ministrations had been of benefit to any afflicted person.

Miss Hofmans was incommunicado to newsmen, but she had granted an interview to H.A. Lunsholf, an editor of *Elsievers Weekblad.*

In this interview, Greet Hofmans denied having any political influence. She professed that she was but a child of poverty who had begun work in a textile mill when she was eleven years old. Her healing powers were not due to "voices" or any magic formulas. Miss Hofmans said that she prayed for guidance and received "something from outside myself." She stressed the fact that she did not receive any monetary reward for her services.

The Dutch Parliament staunchly defended their royal family, and the only criticism of Juliana's conduct came from certain Protestant factions who felt that the queen should not have sought spiritual comfort outside of her own faith.

The royal involvement with the sixty-one-year-old faith healer was gradually allowed to pass out of public attention. Old prejudices die slowly, and lest we consider that the Dutch brewed a tempest in a teapot, consider the reaction of the citizens of the United States if President Eisenhower had consulted a faith healer for his heart condition, if President Kennedy had sought comfort for his back trouble in a healing stream instead of a straight-backed rocker, or if President Johnson had asked for the laying on of hands instead of surgery for his abdominal difficulty.

THE MASSEUR WHO SAVED 60,000 LIVES

• "Somehow," the Nazi officer snarled in a half-joking, half-serious tone, "I must break you of your one outrageous flaw. How can you love those accursed Jews?"

The masseur smiled but allowed none of his true feelings to show in his face. Instead, he kneaded the Nazi's back more gently. "Perhaps because I see them as part of the human race."

"Hah! You should listen more closely to your Führer."

"Roll over please," the masseur directed.

The man on the padded table turned obediently, revealing the face of Heinrich Himmler, second officer of the German Reich, to the light. "I could have you shot, tortured, dismembered. . . ."

The masseur nodded. But he knew Himmler would not, and Himmler knew he knew it.

"Ach," Himmler snorted in disgust. "How many of the dogs must we release this time?"

"Five hundred," the masseur said evenly, the lips in his smooth face barely moving as he spoke.

For a moment sparks seemed to fly from the Nazi's eyes, then he relaxed and the massage continued. A few moments later the high-ranking Nazi reached over the table and pushed a button.

"He wants 500 this time," he said aloud into a microphone built into the wall.

"Five hundred, sir?"

"You heard me," Himmler snapped.

"Yes, sir."

"Kersten," Himmler said testily, "you are the most abominable necessity I've ever had."

To that, the masseur smiled.

Felix Kersten, born in Finland, had studied agriculture until joining the army of Finland during World War I. Although the art of massage had become very sophisticated in Finland, Kersten had had no inclination to study it until after the war, when he convalesced from a wound in a Helsinki hospital.

Contemplating the future, the opportunities seemed very limited.

Although he had been trained in agriculture, Kersten no longer had any land to work. His army career had ended abruptly with his wound. Besides, he did not desire to follow the military arts.

Every day he associated with men he admired—the doctors who cared for him. Kersten resolved to join their ranks, but when he confided in a doctor about his new-found ambition, the medic discouraged him. The doctor patiently explained the years of necessary schooling which would not be easy for a man with no preliminary training or funds. The doctor then suggested that the young Kersten begin a study of massage.

"Your hands are ideally suited for it," the doctor explained, looking at Kersten's short fingers.

After a little more conversation, the doctor had convinced the young officer to at least talk to the masseurs on the hospital staff before dismissing the notion of massage altogether. With his first attempts, Kersten found that he had a gift for the art, and the hospital staff was astounded at his great talent. He became the favorite masseur for all the soldiers who came to the Helsinki hospital. Felix Kersten knew great joy when he discovered he could bring health and comfort to men's bodies with his hands.

Kersten came under the tutelage of a well-known specialist named Dr. Killandar. This man had great success in treating patients, and Kersten soon became his devoted pupil. Although he never missed a lecture, class or demonstration, Kersten worked part time to earn enough money to eat while he studied. By 1921, he received a degree in scientific massage, and Dr. Killandar told his prize pupil that he would have to journey to Germany to further his studies.

Once again the masseur paid his rent and filled his stomach by working at odd jobs in Berlin. Although never able to live an affluent life, Kersten kept his good spirits by a patient devotion to his work. He studied under a famous surgeon and teacher, Professor Bier. This well-known man, though accepted as an authority in every corner of the world, had idiosyncrasies which often disturbed his more orthodox colleagues. He had a practice of investigating the more unconventional forms of healing, and his open-minded devotion to the single goal of alleviating suffering often brought him criticism in the drawing rooms of Berlin.

Through Bier, Kersten met a Tibetan monk named Dr. Ko. The small, elderly, wrinkled man had come from the Orient to complete his study of the masseur's art. Kersten first accepted the monk only because Bier had introduced them, but he later found that the wrinkled old man, whose face wore a perpetual smile, knew approaches and techniques which no Western masseur had ever thought of trying. Where he had thought himself quite accomplished, Dr. Ko quickly convinced him that he knew very little.

Backed by centuries of study and tradition, Dr. Ko introduced Kersten to Oriental massage, and the Finn had not studied the monk's techniques for very long before he realized just how primitive Western methods were. Oriental massage incorporated facets of Yoga and Oriental philosophy in which the masseur himself built a bond of great empathy between himself and his patient.

Most important to the treatment of pain was the diagnosis of cause, and most important to the diagnosis were the sensitive fingertips of the masseur. To be a successful masseur, the pupil had to devote his entire being to the art, and this Kersten did with great zeal, ignoring his poverty and skimpy diet to concentrate on the teaching of Dr. Ko with a frenzy that approached madness. He admired the little monk, not only as a practitioner, but also as a man. Dr. Ko had great fortitude, courage and endurance, and he cheerfully accepted all that life offered with the smile that forever graced his face.

Thus Kersten seemed set adrift when the little man bade him goodbye and returned to his Tibetan monastery. For a time Kersten felt himself torn between the Orient and the Occident, but as time passed, he made peace within himself and began to apply his long education.

Word of his great talent spread throughout Europe. Perhaps his most famous pre-World War II patient was the

Prince Consort, husband of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. The man suffered from severe stomach pains which only Kersten could relieve.

During the war, Kersten found himself a virtual prisoner of Heinrich Himmler, who suffered from the same stomach disorder as the Prince Consort. Himmler became completely dependent on the masseur's soothing fingers, and Kersten used his position to great advantage.

Not only did Kersten receive official exoneration from a charge of collaborating with the Nazis, but the Netherlands made him a Grand Officer of the Orange Nassau for his personal intervention which saved many Dutch lives and much Dutch treasure from the Nazis. The World Jewish Congress credits the Finn with the rescue of 60,000 Jews doomed to certain death by Himmler. Felix Kersten died a very respected man in 1960.

THE WONDROUS WATERS OF MIRACLE VALLEY

• The waters of Miracle Valley, Arizona, are generally believed to be a powerful healing liquid by persons who have been healed after bathing in the stream. Evangelist A. A. Allen, who lives in the valley, has established his healing Pool of Bethesda there.

The evangelist also carries a portable pool of the miraculous waters with him during his gospel-tent crusades across the nation. There are several well-documented reports of cures.

The evangelist sends Miracle Valley water throughout the world. "This water is not a medicine. It's a miracle," said Allen. "People have been cured immediately after they drink it as an act of faith. People who have been bedfast for years and persons afflicted with a wide range of illnesses have been cured."

Although medical authorities often label such cures as cases of spontaneous regression, persons who have been healed are quick to insist that the waters of Miracle Valley have performed a "modern-day miracle."

WHAT IS A HEALING MIRACLE?

• The healing Grotto of Bernadette at Lourdes, France, was constructed on the spot where Bernadette Soubirous conversed with the Virgin Mary in 1858. Since the time the miracle occurred to the young miller's daughter, pilgrims have journeyed to Lourdes to seek salvation and healing from the waters of the natural spring in the hillside.

The miracles at Lourdes are well-documented evidence of paranormal cures. During a normal year more than 200,000 persons visit the shrine. The celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Lourdes brought more than two million persons into the tiny community in southern France.

Although there are thousands of cures claimed by persons who were immersed in the cold spring water, the Lourdes Medical Bureau has certified only fifty-four miraculous cures during the past 110 years. Here are their criteria:

1. The affliction must be a serious disease. If it is not incurable it must be very difficult to cure.
2. There must be no improvement in the patient's condition prior to the visit to the Lourdes shrine.
3. Medication that may have been used must have been ineffective.
4. The cure must be totally complete.
5. The cure must be unquestionably definitive and free of all doubt.

Thousands of pilgrims have left their crutches and canes at the shrine, but every cure acknowledged by the church has passed these strict tests before being certified.

SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY LOOK AT FAITH HEALING

• Most medical doctors and their colleagues, the psychiatrists, are highly skeptical of any form of faith healing.

In a statement on the subject, the American Medical Association denounced the practice by stating: "The medical profession recognizes the power of faith on the individual mind as a factor that may affect the condition of sick people. There are occasional instances in which diseases generally regarded as uniformly fatal reverse themselves without any explainable medical cause, whether or not the patient has had the ministrations of so-called healers.

"If such a phenomenon were to occur to an individual under 'treatment' by one of these healers, the likelihood is that he or she would take the credit. But the medical profession does not recognize that 'faith healing' as such has any accepted merit whereby it can be regarded as having remedial or curative effect in persons who are actually victims of organic disease."

In reference to the A.M.A.'s statement, a noted faith healer commented: "Let us assume a patient is being treated by a licensed medical doctor and the uniformly fatal disease reverses itself. Would not the medical profession assume credit for the cure?"

Despite its detractors, faith healing has surged forward in the past two decades. Newspapers, radio stations and television networks have publicized spiritual healing, and Oral Roberts' demonstrations of his healing crusades have been brought into the home through modern electronic communication. Seminarians have investigated the field and written doctoral theses on faith healing. Many ministers are actively seeking more information on the methods and ministrations of faith healing.

In England, Dr. Christopher Woodard believes the power of spiritual healing is as effective as the tools and pills he carries in his black satchel. Writing in *A Doctor Heals by Faith*, the British physician states: ". . . the next great step forward . . . is the realization of the existence of healing powers on the spiritual level which, as yet, have not been understood, though they were seen very clearly when Christ was on earth."

Psychiatrist William S. Sadler is skeptical of faith healing claims and comments in his textbook, *Modern Psychiatry*: "While prayer for the sick may be a laudable and worthwhile ministry, when sanely practiced, religion of the 'divine healing' type has done a great injury to a large number of people in leading them to expect the impossible and has been the cause of many untimely deaths. . . ."

In *The New Healing* (1955), Dr. Paul Tillich of Harvard University's School of Divinity disapproved of the long neglect of Christ-centered spiritual healing by the world's religious leaders. "The gospels, certainly, are not responsible for this disappearance of the power in the picture of Jesus," wrote Dr. Tillich. "They abound in stories of healing; but *we* are responsible ministers, laymen, theologians, who forget that 'Saviour' means 'healer,' he who makes whole and sane what is broken and insane, in body and mind."

As faith healers performed allegedly miraculous cures in Britain and the Isles buzzed with interest in spiritual healing, the Archbishop of Canterbury requested a British Medical Commission to investigate and report on the phenomenon. Their final report was a model of contradictory muddling. It stated: "We can find no evidence that there is any type of illness cured by spiritual healing alone which could not have been cured by medical treatment, which necessarily includes consideration of environmental factors . . . we can find no evidence that organic diseases are cured solely by such means. The evidence suggests that many such cases claimed to be cured are likely to be instances of the wrong diagnosis, wrong prognosis, remission or possibly of spontaneous cure."

The reader may form his own conclusions from this statement.

Suggestibility plays an important role in faith healing, and no honest healer will deny this influence. Swiss psychologist Heinrich Meng believes there are certain factors which increase the suggestibility factor for those who seek a cure at a healing shrine or service.

"Patients come . . . looking for divine intervention," reported Dr. Meng. "Religious or not, there is the expectancy of a cure, mingled with anxiety. The patient is prepared to give himself over . . . to a change of climate, scenery, human contacts, the sense of being present . . . where miraculous cures have been reported."

Dr. Alexis Carrel won the Nordhoff-Jung medal for cancer research and is convinced of the power of prayer. "Prayer is the most powerful form of energy known to man," declared Dr. Carrel, who won the 1912 Nobel Prize in physiology and medicine. Dr. Carrel saw a vicious cancer sore suddenly transformed into a scar and could scarcely believe his eyes. The miracle occurred after honest, devout prayer by the patient.

The controversy about the worth of faith healing will undoubtedly continue to rage for many decades. People with a strong belief in the supernatural have their faith reaffirmed with each report of a miraculous healing.

Those who are convinced of the total validity of modern science are unable to accept any report of spiritual healing. A single faith healing means their orderly world of dogmatic science will be split with chaotic insecurity.

THE HEALING ORDER OF ST. LUKE THE PHYSICIAN

• In Philadelphia, many people who suffer from various illnesses attend weekly healing services at the 145-year-old St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. Episcopalian Rector Alfred Price has held these weekly services since 1942. Price is a warden of the Order of St. Luke the Physician, an organization of lay and clergymen who are convinced spiritual healing should be included in the works of the established Protestant churches.

The interdenominational Order of St. Luke's has literally interpreted St. James' statement: "Is any among you sick? Let him call for the elders of the church and let them pray over him."

Although they operate with the approval of the bishop, St. Luke ministers usually hold separate healing services. "We want to avoid offending regular churchgoers who may not yet be ready for the healing ministry," explained a member.

The Episcopalians emphasize the healing of the mind, spirit and body. "We often feel our prayers are answered if the person is given the strength to live with his illness," they explained.

Miracles are seldom mentioned. There are no wild claims. The ministers recognize the power of modern medicine and are cognizant that many "healings" are psychosomatic in origin.

Episcopalian Price explained, "When the spirit, body and mind are unbalanced, illness follows. With God's help, we can pray and restore the proper balance."

Surgeon William Standish Reed, a member of the order, believes modern medicine needs to be practiced with compassion and hope. At a meeting a few years ago, Dr. Reed compared the modern hospital to "empires of stone, science and machinery." The patient is the last "to be considered," he reported.

The Order of St. Luke was established by Dr. John Gayner Banks in 1947 in San Diego at St. Luke's Episcopal church. The order has now grown to more than 4,000 members in eighty-five countries. In 1947, there were only fourteen churches in the United States offering healing services. There are nearly 500 now offering prayer and blessings to those afflicted by illnesses. The vast majority are Episcopalian churches.

The one subject that does upset the St. Luke ministers is the unwillingness of many clergymen to publicly pray for cures. Price told a reporter recently, "No matter how we may look down our noses at some of those who use God's power on the behalf of healing, we must wish that this church would take over this responsibility from them—not abandon it to them."

THE POWER TO HEAL

• When John Ray Hinkle was three days old, the two doctors attending his mother told his parents flatly that he would not live. The physicians pointed out that the child's heart, liver and stomach were deformed or subnormal.

Stubbornly, the child held on. During the first six months of his life the baby rested only when he collapsed from exhaustion. Although he amazed the doctors by surviving, life was a continual bout of illness for little John Ray Hinkle.

"I was a sickly child, always taking medicine," Hinkle recalled. "I suppose the human weakness to be like others was stronger in me than in most, so I tried to live a normal life. I had many operations. I was denied life insurance at age twenty-eight. I had double pneumonia, three heart breakdowns and hepatitis."

In 1945, after two doctors had "honestly tried," Hinkle was losing consciousness from the continued high fever and the difficult breathing that accompanied the deadly bout of double pneumonia. He called his wife to his bedside and told her he no longer had the strength to pray. It was up to her, their six-year-old daughter, and a good Christian friend who maintained a vigil over him.

"They all laid their hands on me," Hinkle writes in his booklet, *The Way of Love*, "and each in turn prayed. Immediately I was lifted by the Lord and freed. In an hour and a half, when the doctor arrived as scheduled, he came into the room smiling and saying: 'Well, you look good and you are perspiring and so much better.' "

Today, John Ray Hinkle of Dayton, Virginia, devotes himself to the full-time ministry of healing. He is the compiler and publisher of the twelve titles in the Our Bible series and has served as editor of *Growing Faith* magazine. He has also been a missionary to the American Indians and has studied with such renowned teachers and healers as Dr.

Brown Landone and Dr. E. Stanley Jones. He is an ordained minister and a licensed practitioner of Spiritual Therapy with over twenty-five years of healings to his credit.

Hinkle records one of his early healings as having taken place in a trailer park near Hot Springs, Arkansas, on the Fourth of July, 1938. He and Mrs. Hinkle had been asked to conduct a hymn-sing that night and on the next four nights that they would remain in the camp. One trailer housed a mother and her son, who had suffered a paralysis due to sleeping sickness. According to the boy's mother, the lad had not been able to talk or to clothe and feed himself for seven years.

Then, after listening to the singing of the hymns, the boy managed to drag himself to the side of John Ray Hinkle. Before the Hinkles left the trailer park, the boy was walking and talking normally and was able to feed and clothe himself.

"I have in my files," Hinkle writes, "a letter from the mother saying: 'Walter has done all the driving since we left Austin. It is remarkable how God has given him strength to do that. Oh, how I thank Him with my whole heart, Brother Hinkle. You ought to see the beautiful woodwork he [Walter] has done . . . everyone thinks his work is beautiful and just think it has been so many years since his hands have been able to do anything. It seems it was meant for us to meet you folks.' "

Once when driving through Hot Springs, Hinkle felt compelled to stop and knock at the door of a certain house. The lady who answered the door was puzzled by Hinkle's sudden appearance and, mistaking him for a beggar, expressed sympathy for his plight but said that she was unable to help him because all of her funds had been drained by her daughter's confinement in a sanitorium. Now, she whispered, her daughter had been sent home to die of tuberculosis. Three years of medical attention had failed to cure her.

Hinkle startled the woman by saying that it was "wonderful" that her daughter had been sent home. Now maybe the Lord would have a chance to cure her daughter, he told her.

Impressed by Hinkle's manner and confidence, the woman asked if he would take a few moments to visit with Mona, her daughter, if the girl were awake. Hinkle agreed and was ushered into the girl's bedroom.

His eyes took in the emaciated body, and he noted the familiar "clammy feel of death" in the hand which the girl offered to him. He was certain of the "death grip" in that hand as it grasped his own.

"I stood there letting the Lord speak through me and lost consciousness of time, for later, I saw what I knew couldn't be true—traces of pink in that girl's cheeks," Hinkle later wrote.

He looked at the clock on the wall and was shocked to note that he had been in the girl's room for over two hours. He apologized for talking so much and for tiring her.

"No," Mona said, "I feel so good!"

The woman asked how she might repay Hinkle for the inspiration which he had brought to her daughter. Hinkle had no thought of asking payment and depriving the mother and her daughter of necessary survival funds. He asked only that the woman write him a card in ten days to two weeks to inform him of Mona's progress.

"Do you really think that Mona will get well?" she asked as they stood at the door.

Hinkle laughed at the question. "Do you really think God loves you and me more than He does Mona? Do you think He wants us to be well and her sick?"

In ten days, Hinkle received a card from the woman telling him that Mona was up and around. But that is not the end of the story. Three years later, when he and Mrs. Hinkle were once again passing through Hot Springs, he stopped to visit a healthy, robust Mona, her fine son and her husband.

"To those who will 'take only what the doctor gives,'" Hinkle says, "there is an interesting report on file of medical men and clergy who formed a committee to investigate Spiritual healing and this is what they say: 'Christian healing has passed beyond the stage of experiment, and its value cannot be questioned. Spiritual healing no longer is the hope of a few, but the belief and practice of a large and rapidly increasing number of persons.' On this committee was the world-famous Dr. Charles H. Mayo, surgeon at the famous Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota."

THE QUIET HEALERS

• Most people consider a faith healer to be a flamboyant spellbinder with hypnotic powers, a conman's lack of conscience and a spiel primed for the collection plate. While there may be a few healing hucksters in the land, a report by the National Council of Churches on faith healing in American Protestantism indicates that many reputable ordained ministers regularly practice some form of faith healing.

The report was prepared by Dr. Charles A. Branden, a professor of Religion and Literature of Religions at Northwestern University. More than thirty percent of the ministers who replied to his questionnaire reported that they had healed sixty-four different diseases through prayer.

"The Branden Report was only a survey. There was no obligation for ministers to submit detailed medical reports," said an officer of the National Council of Churches. "Nevertheless, the respondents were very conservative in their claims."

Dr. Branden pointed out this same conclusion in the report. "In almost every case, the informant declared that the diagnosis had been made by a competent medical doctor. There had been medical treatment for a period of time," said Dr. Branden. "One case of cancer of the lungs had persisted for two years and was properly diagnosed and treated by a physician. After the healing, which consisted of laying on of the hands, some ritual and prayer at a healing service, X-ray tests disclosed the condition had cleared. In a period six months prior to the reporting of the case there had been no recurrence."

Another minister, from the Midwest, told of curing a thirty-seven-year-old woman of lung cancer. Only a week prior to the healing, she had been examined by several consulting physicians and told that she had only a few days to live. The minister prayed with the woman. She confessed her sins. She also forgave a woman whom she hated. Her lungs were clear of cancer on the following morning and, after several years, the woman remains cured of the dread affliction.

A Colorado pastor prayed with a Denver man who had been bedfast for almost two years. Physicians had unsuccessfully treated the patient's tubercular condition and, finally, had abandoned all hope of recovery for the man. Following prayer and laying on of the hands, a cure was immediately effected.

"The condition disappeared. The man was back at work within two days," reported the minister.

Eighty percent of the healing ministers reported their cures were "permanent." In many instances, several years had passed since the healing had occurred; there was no evidence of recurrence of the disease. Dr. Branden, like many others, considered any healing which lasted for two years to be "permanent."

Apparently there is absolutely no disease that cannot be healed by prayer. The ministers who have this gift of healing claim a lack of miraculous power in their hands. "There isn't any magic or strange power to it," declared an Episcopalian minister who regularly holds healing services. "It is not the minister's hands—but God—who does the healing!"

THE WONDER OF SPIRITUAL HEALING

• Al G. Manning is a minister of spiritual science who conducts the ESP laboratory in Los Angeles. Manning became seriously interested in the spiritual-metaphysical-faith healing area—those powers which transcend those of the human mind—in early 1951.

"I was suffering from severe migraine headaches, a stomach ulcer problem and the misery of wearing two pair of glasses—one for my close work in accounting and one for distance," says Manning. "Several doctors had used me for a guinea pig with many experiments on the migraine-stomach problems but to absolutely no avail.

"I maintain my respect for the medical profession," Manning is quick to emphasize, "but I look upon them as *students* of the healing arts and sciences just as we are. However, I never consider our healing work on a patient complete until his doctor confirms it."

Today, at age forty, Manning is healthier than he has ever been. He has no stomach or migraine problems at all, and he has not worn prescription glasses of any kind for about ten years. "At their last testing, my eyes remained 20/20," Manning remarked. "Not the weak things that needed glasses years ago."

Manning cured himself of his afflictions through prayer and the manipulation of energy which he terms the "Living Light."

"This whole thing," Manning states, "has evolved over a number of years of investigating Theosophy, Rosicrucianism, Spiritualism, many lesser known cults and 'mystery schools,' but also through what I am impressed to call simply 'spirit guidance.'

"At the time I was ordained a Minister of Spiritual Science, I claimed the healing work as my credential, not this thing called mediumship. But, of course, we admit that they often come together."

Much of Manning's healing work is done through the mails, and he claims some "remarkable results." "You will no doubt consider us very unscientific," Manning says, "but our confessed approach is to *help people*. If we can also gather something that resembles proof along the way, so much the better.

"But I would rather see the patient *healed* believing that the doctor did it and that we were pure fakers, than to see some kind of delusion or partial healing that we might get 'credit' for.

"I really don't want to try to *sell* anybody or anything," Manning stresses. "We're strictly pragmatic about this. If something *works* for us we may use it for years before we feel we have time to consider *why* it works. And we probably learn more from our failures than from the successes."

Manning has long dreamed of establishing a large research-service group which would be devoted to relatively "unscientific" research. A group of researchers would seek results first, then find the basic truths behind the work as revealed in the patterns of the accumulated successes. The ESP laboratory, a department of Spiritual Science Church 88, is the beginning of the physical manifestation of this dream.

"We do ask people for donations to share the cost of this help," Manning said. "Our books clearly show that we are *contributors* rather than beneficiaries of this work. Neither Eileen my wife, who is an excellent healer, nor I have ever received a penny for our time, and we regularly donate money to help speed the growth of the ESP Lab."

Al Manning has made enough money in the business world to allow him and his wife to live in the relatively modest manner which they most enjoy. Now Manning is planning to retire from active full-time employment in business and devote more time to making the ESP Lab bigger and more effective.

"We do prefer to work with our 'patients' present so that we can physically direct the *light* through them by something akin to the laying on of hands," Manning stated, "but time and business have prevented us from doing much of that kind of work. When we have, we seem to get somewhat more spectacular results."

A sampling of testimonials to the benefits derived from the "Blue Light" of healing include:

". . . *Yesterday I couldn't move a muscle,*" wrote N.W., California. "*Every inch of my body was sore, and I could not stand the touch of clothing. I couldn't lie down, and I couldn't stand up, and when I would try to walk I had to hold onto the wall for support because I was so shaky. . . . I prayed for the Blue Light to surround me, to heal my mind and body. I asked forgiveness for my resentment, and in about 30 minutes, my mind became clear as a bell; my body did not hurt any more, and I felt strong, well, and happy. . . . Thank you for your Blue Light and your help.*"

From E.R., Santa Cruz, California: "*I have had a bad leg for many years, and had plastic transplanting of tissues. It broke down several months ago. It has almost completely healed now, with a deep scar, thanks to you and your prayers of Light.*"

Al G. Manning permits examination of his files. "I have complete confidence that our work will stand up under the closest of scrutiny," Manning said. Here are two examples:

Manning first met Mrs. J.W. when he took over the accounting work for her husband's business. Only later did he discover Mrs. J.W. was interested in spiritual healing. Since that time, she has made excellent progress. Manning has directed "Joan," a "spirit teacher" to aid her. The Spiritual Science minister brought the woman and the spirit teacher together when he happened to see "Joan" standing clearly in the doorway of the W.'s home.

In August, 1967, Mrs. J.W. wrote Manning for help concerning a thyroid condition. ". . . the doctor was out . . . the nurse indicated that the other various tests were okay, but that the doctor should talk to me about this goiter-growth in my throat. It's been there a long time, and doctors have been watching it carefully. However, I want to get rid of it. Will you please put me on the Healing list?"

Manning advised Mrs. J.W.: ". . . If you will just tune in and let it, the *Light* can get rid of that thing in one twenty-four-hour period. At worst it should be gone in three days. Three days was the time it took to get my eyes back to

20/20 when I finally got sense enough to believe I could do it! . . . Eileen and I are both giving it the full 'triple whammy,' so let's see the tangible results, *now*."

Nine days later, the ESP Laboratory received this follow-up letter from Mrs. J.W.:

"I don't think I have yet answered your last letter telling me about the 'three-day period' of my healing. So, since I have some news for you, I'll tell you the whole story.

". . . when I went to my gynecologist for the routine check, he decided to take a blood test on this goiter-thyroid that I've had for at least fifteen years.

"A few days later his office called and said the count was very high and that I should check into the hospital immediately for further testing. . . . I sounded pretty sick from the way the girl talked. . . . That was when I asked you for the Healing and prayers.

"Then your letter came telling me about how it could be done in three days . . . Well, I prayed and gave thanks for the healing for three or four days, constantly.

"Next I went to my old doctor, a G.P., who has known me since I was eighteen. . . . Today, one week from that second blood test, I talked to my old doctor. He said that I am *perfectly normal*. And, in looking at my throat again, there is only the slightest hint of a faint swelling left on the right side. It's almost all gone! I'd say ninety percent of the swelling has disappeared, and the doctor says there is no reason whatsoever for any further testing or medication since I am in *perfect* health! And I have never felt better at any time in my life.

"So, for your wonderful efforts and *results*, I thank you. We have all been blessed, and I thank Him, too. . . .

". . . Everytime I look in the mirror (and in my business, that's all day long) I see my new 'slender' throat, and I am reminded of the *Light* and its constant help and of the faith that keeps it alive. . . ."

In July, 1967, the ESP Laboratory received a letter from a woman in Detroit, Michigan, who asked healing for her son in the hospital. When Manning received word that the son's complications had been cleared up, he replied by writing:

"It's wonderful to know that your son got out of the hospital all right—as we knew he would."

He went on to discuss the son's drinking problem. "You can talk to your spirit teachers, even though you don't think you're getting a direct response. Do call them and ask them to help us with [her son's] drinking problem. If you or your teachers join us in sending him both the Blue and White *Light*, this thing can be licked quickly. And the extra *Light* will help see him through the city's troubles as well. . . . It takes much love and *Light*, but the work you do in sending it forth to *all* mankind will help more than you know."

Manning pointed out that it was not good to interfere in the son's free choice regarding his drinking problem, but the ESP Laboratory would send him *Light* for spiritual growth that may bring him to choose a more uplifting path.

According to Manning, several of their truly "spectacular" healings will never appear in print, because they happened to highly respected businessmen who are ". . . deathly afraid that it might leak out that they are interested in these things and hurt their business reputations."

The ESP Laboratory is unconcerned by the fact that they may never receive credit for these powerful demonstrations of their healing abilities. "As I said before," Manning says, "I'm not really selling anything. We're having a real ball helping people!"

EMILE COUE: MASTER OF THE MIND CURE

• In the last years of the nineteenth century, French doctors and psychologists became enthusiastic about experiments in healing through hypnotism. These pioneers in psychosomatic medicine were deluded into believing hypnotism could heal every disease.

"The patient needs only to be hypnotized into a state of vibrant health," assured one Gallic practitioner, speaking to his colleagues at a medical convention in 1892 in Paris. "The promise of hypnotism will eventually empty the hospitals and mental institutions."

Despite such glowing testimonials from these early experimenters, it was soon discovered that not every patient could be hypnotized. Even more confusing, some patients did not accept hypnotic suggestions as a permanent part of their personality. These early psychologists were unable to answer the question of how any patient, even a diagnosed hysteric, could make himself susceptible to a variety of physical diseases. "And how does hypnotism cure some, but not all?" asked a puzzled psychologist.

Today, hypnotic therapy has shown in vivid reality how the power of the mind can influence our bodies. One of the most important schools of curing through suggestibility was established by a pudgy, confident French druggist, Emile Coue.

After reading about Nancy's experiments in hypnotism, Coue asked, "Is the hypnotist really necessary? Is it possible for the patient, or individual, to make his own suggestions to his subconscious mind?"

As he filled perscriptions in his quaint French drugstore, Emile Coue experimented with the healing powers of the mind. After many years, he announced his hypothesis:

"The key is to repeat your suggestions when the mind is most receptive to messages," said Coue. "This occurs immediately after you have awakened from a deep sleep or just prior to falling asleep."

Coue's method seemed to work. His success skyrocketed and more than a hundred patients a day crowded into his small drug shop. "Every morning and evening you must repeat, 'Every day in every way I am getting better and better.' Don't think about the meaning of those words. You're just telegraphing the message to your subconscious mind."

Actually, Emile Coue had stumbled onto an astounding psychiatric discovery. "When the *will* and *imagination* are battling, imagination will always win," he emphasized.

As an example, Coue cited the rheumatic patient who determinedly says, "I will move my body without any pain." If the sufferer's mind is filled with doubt, it becomes impossible to move without pain.

"The phrase 'I Can' is the release," said Coue. "Our imagination, not our will power, transmits an idea into the subconscious mind. Once an idea has been placed in the subconscious, anything is possible because the subconscious rules the body." Coue cited hypnotism as ample proof of this theory.

Coue's amazing cures read like something out of the wildest claims of a glib, fast-talking faith healer. A physician brought a teen-aged tubercular girl to the French druggist. "I have done everything possible to save her life," said the physician. "It may help to try your suggestibility treatments."

The cheerful druggist discovered the doomed girl was highly receptive to suggestion. "After three months, I examined the patient and there was not a spot of tuberculosis," said the grateful physician.

Coue's healing suggestions cured virtually every type of illness and his "I can" incantations swept the world. Schools were established. Books and magazines were printed on the art of suggestibility. Some practitioners tried to cure not only illness but change personalities, offer limitless wealth and personal happiness. "Anyone can have anything through auto-suggestion," became a slogan of the "roaring twenties."

Just as with its psychological predecessors in France, Coueism was soon shown to have definite limitations. Perhaps some people were unable to believe and self-doubt clouded their minds. Some were unconvinced of the power of suggestibility. Many scientists scoffed openly at the supposed cures produced by Coueism. After the fad faded in America, a national magazine "exposed" the method by revealing that many supposedly miraculous healings had been only temporary.

Nevertheless, the repetitive "Every day in every way I am getting better and better" did produce some remarkable cures for many people. Just as faith healing seldom works for an atheist, Coueism failed for those without sufficient belief.

Emile Coue was not a healer who appeared on the scene and then disappeared. Although he died in 1926, his books were reprinted in 1961. A small cluster of followers continues to spread the remarkable news of auto-suggestion through the world today.

JUNG OR JUJU FOR MENTAL ILLNESS?

• The day may come when the mentally disturbed can trade the psychiatrist's couch for a primitive juju charm. Speaking at the Third Latin American Congress of Psychiatrists in Lima, Peru, two Peruvian psychiatrists said the supposedly primitive witch doctors in the isolated jungles of South America have advanced far beyond modern psychiatry in their treatment of certain patients.

Dr. Max Silva and Dr. Moises Lemlig, of Lima, Peru, said these back country conjurers were particularly adept in certain phases of group therapy. "Their treatment, in many respects, is very modern," the doctors stated.

The *curandero*, as the witch doctor is known, utilizes every gimmick in his conjurer's bag to gain the confidence of his patients. "The main object is to get the patients to reveal their symptoms correctly," the doctors stated.

The jungle psychiatrists dance wildly about their patients, dose them with various tranquilizing herbs and encourage the ill to release their self-control and join in the wild dances. After the patient has shed his inhibitions, the witch doctors find it is simpler to reach the troubled roots of the mental problems.

One of the most frequently prescribed drugs is a potion from the *ayahuasco* plant. Patients who drink the *curandero's* concoction experience a psychedelic effect. The drug produces a drifting, floating sensation. It also hallucinates the patient and slows down time.

Dr. Raymond Prince, of the psychiatry department at McGill University, Toronto, also has high praise for the witch doctors whom he has studied. Dr. Prince spent three and a half years with the Nigerian tribe of Yorubas and became quite familiar with the powers of several Nigerian witch doctors.

Dr. Prince stated that the Yoruba witch doctors are "men of wisdom." Their creative powers are passed down from their ancestors. Various forms of tranquilizing drugs were discovered hundreds of years ago by the Yorubas, who live inland from the Gulf of Guinea.

"They were using vitamins while Americans were only experimenting with them," Dr. Prince declared.

"Even more important is their treatment of mental patients," the Canadian professor said. "Natives with a mental illness are treated as human beings. They are not locked away behind iron bars or stone walls, as we are accustomed to doing in our own nations."

Dr. Prince reported forty-five witch doctor hospitals in western Nigeria. Each jungle clinic consists of a large compound which contains living quarters for several people surrounding the witch doctor's own home.

Juju or Jung? Perhaps a mingling of each would benefit mental patients throughout the world.

HE HEALED WITH FLOWER POWER

• Sailors have always been cautious of the treacherous, stormy waters of the North Sea. Swift, icy undercurrents can grip the largest ship and pull it onto a jagged reef. Since the first Vikings ventured from their frozen fiords, ships have been swamped by winter storms.

In the early 1930's, a cargo-laden freighter was trapped in a battering storm off the coast of Cromer, England. Giant waves washed over the decks and threatened to pull the frightened seamen overboard. Two sailors roped themselves to the ship's icy mast. Exposed to the icy waves and gale-like winds, the two men could look toward shore and see running men trying to launch a boat for a rescue run.

Several hours later, after the storm had moved out across the sea, the unfortunate sailors were brought to shore.

"Look at that blue tinge on their faces," said an Englishman, wrapping the unconscious sailors in a warm blanket. He raised a limp, frozen hand. "These laddies are near death."

"Dr. Bach is coming with a bottle of rescue remedy."

Moments later, Dr. Edward Bach arrived at the rescue scene. He pressed a small vial of fragrant liquid to the lips of an unconscious sailor. The sailor stirred visibly; his ice-encrusted eyelids flickered. A few minutes later, the seaman was fully recovered.

An astonished stranger who had volunteered for the rescue party was shocked by the sudden recovery. "Blimey! What does the Doc have in that bottle?"

"He calls it his rescue remedy," said a resident of Cromer. "It's something he makes himself."

"A man could make a fortune with that stuff," said the stranger thoughtfully. "What's in it?"

"Flowers."

"Flowers? You mean flowers that grow in the ground?"

"That's right," said the local man. "Rescue remedy is composed of the essence of five flowers brewed into a single liquid. Dr. Bach uses Cherry Plum, Clematis, Impatiens, Rock Rose and the Star of Bethlehem for Rescue Remedy."

The stranger's brow furrowed. "That sounds like a quack remedy."

"Doc is far from a quack. He was born in Wales, is a bacteriologist and a regular doctor."

The stranger shook his head, doubtfully. "Flower power," he muttered.

Dr. Edward Bach developed an unusual form of healing remedies and "flower power" testimonials filtered into his office from throughout the world. Dr. Bach elaborated and investigated the healing power of flowers that had been developed by Dr. Samuel Hahnemann, the father of Homeopathy. Both Paracelsus and Hippocrates had earlier suggested the possibility that flowers contained healing liquids. Although Dr. Bach died in 1936, a healing center in England continues to carry on his work. Altogether there are over 200 physicians, chiropractors, osteopaths and other healers who prescribe flower remedies for their patients.

The center contains many testimonials to the effectiveness of flower remedies. There are many sworn affidavits from seriously injured persons who were saved by Rescue Remedy following automobile accidents.

In the United States, a man lost his thumb following a mishap with an exploding firecracker. The attending physician applied a "flower poultice" and, miraculously, skin grafting was unnecessary after immediate improvement.

A few drops of Wild Rose Agrimony and Gentian has cured asthma and other bronchial illnesses throughout the world, if we may believe the testimonials of people who reportedly tried everything until a cure was effected by the essence of these flowers.

There are several reports of cures of melancholy and mental depression by prescription of a few drops of Gorse and Hornbeam. Many people testify that their nerves were calmed by the essence of Minulus.

Dr. Bach used a very simple process to obtain the essence of the thirty-eight flowers which he prescribed. Blossoms of flowers are collected on a warm, sunny day. The blooms are placed in a large glass bowl containing pure spring water. The surface of the water must be covered completely with blossoms. The bowl is then left in warm sunlight for several hours; four hours is usually sufficient.

"The blossoms are then carefully picked out of the water," explained a practitioner. "The water contains the essence of the blooms. It is poured into bottles and mixed with a small quantity of brandy. I call it the living extract of the flowers."

Prescriptions are then filled from the stock bottles. Drops of the concentrated solutions are diluted with more pure spring water and usually taken with milk or water.

The Bach Method is a controversial subject among medical men throughout the world. The English doctor believed the patient was capable of diagnosing his own illness. "Treat the patient, not the illness," was a favorite statement of the flower power healer.

"An intelligent person is capable of making his own diagnosis. We should take no notice of the disease. Instead, analyze the outlook on life of the patient in distress."

Bach believed every disease to be the outgrowth of some failing in the patient. "Fear, worry, anxiety, depression are the causes of disease," he maintained. "Seek out the cause. Heal the cause and the disease will disappear."

Dr. Bach maintained that the only equipment needed for a diagnostician was complete and total honesty. He outlined thirty-eight basic mental moods which created disease. These criteria were further classified into seven distinct categories that included Uncertainty, Loneliness, Despondency, Fear, Oversensitivity, Apathy and Overcare for the Welfare of Others.

Dr. Bach's continued study led him to linking basic personality types with specific flowers. Dreamy, apathetic people who have no real interests in life are Clematis types. Confident persons with fixed principles and a fear of change are Vervain types. Indecisive personalities are Scleranthus personalities. Wild Oat people are ambitious, love change and have difficulty conforming to a single occupation.

Although Dr. Bach was a practicing physician, trained at the University College Hospital in London, a noted medical officer and a registered bacteriologist, there has always been considerable opposition to his flower remedies.

"These remedies are nothing but a bunch of perfumed placebos," said a member of the British Medical Association. "If you have a heart attack would you want the services of a coronary specialist or a vial of flower juice?"

Dr. Bach set forth five principles to consider when diagnosing disease. These mystical theories to be investigated included:

1. The soul of man is our real selves.
2. Life is our school of experience.
3. Our time on earth is but a moment in the total evolution of the soul.
4. When the soul and the personality are in harmony, the individual will experience happiness, vibrant health and peace.
5. Unity is the key of all life and the creator of unity is love.

Two serious errors of the mind that led to disease were cruelty to others and a failure to honor the dictates of the soul. Either of these actions brought disease to the individual in the view of Dr. Bach.

The English physician believed illness could be reduced to these simple diagnoses and cured by his flower remedies. A realist, Dr. Bach stated: "These discoveries will be dismissed by those who wish to keep sickness and disease as a mysterious, complicated subject."

The medical profession has arbitrarily rejected the essence of flowers in their practices. Medical men who do prescribe the extracts do so quietly and without publicity. Only time will enable us to determine the exact worth of Dr. Edward Bach's unusual claims of healing.

YOUNG LONDONER PREFERS HEALING TO "SWINGING"

• The dreams of many young men of twenty-three are primarily concerned with achieving a level of financial success adequate enough to allow them to keep up payments on a new car and suitably outfit a luxurious playboy's pad. Londoner Clive Harris offers the complete antithesis of the "swinging" stereotype that many Americans now have of the younger set in Great Britain. Harris has given up a good job and has dug into his savings so that he might devote his full time to aiding others with his power of healing.

Although he has little social life of his own, outside of an occasional movie on weekends, Harris tries to keep in touch with the "pop" world so that he may know the latest songs, dances and fads of his younger patients. He has no regrets about personally missing out on the "action" in London's swinging scene. He too often sees its aftereffects in the young people who come to his clinic.

Harris is most alarmed about drug-taking being on the increase among today's youth. He has found, to his relief, that healing is able to be of great help to the unfortunate young drug victims.

Young Clive Harris often finds his work extending itself far beyond his advertised 9:00 p.m. closing time. To aid him in his ministry, he has accepted assistance from seven other healers, who help him on a part-time basis. Four of these coworkers are in their early twenties. Harris is grateful for the young outlook which his clinic can offer because, as a check of his files will indicate, thirty percent of his clientele are in the teen-age to early twenties category.

Harris asks no charge for his services and seems unconcerned that he shall lose all of his savings by operating his healing sanctuary on such a basis.

"I calculated, before I took these rooms, that on my savings I could last here for eight months," Harris recently told Roy Stemman of *Psychic News*. "After that I will have to go back to work to earn more money. But I shall still keep the sanctuary open and give healing in the evenings. Once I have saved enough, I shall return to full-time healing."

Harris concedes that his future is uncertain as long as he continues to operate his sanctuary on such a basis, but he is willing to give up every personal consideration to achieve his goal of helping the sick.

CAGLIOSTRO—CURER OR CHARLATAN?

• It was a very special day. Anticipation and excitement crackled through the cobbled streets of Strasbourgh, France, on the afternoon of September 7, 1783. A gossiping crowd of citizens milled through the streets and waited for a glimpse of Europe's most exciting personality. A detachment of horse soldiers clattered through the streets and, behind them, came long lines of stricken people.

"Mon Dieu! They've emptied the hospitals," yelled a burly butcher, pointing to the line of invalids. "Perhaps Count Cagliostro is going to turn them into giant bottles of red wine."

His companions snickered appreciatively. A gawking peasant youth pressed into the group. "Who is this Cagliostro?" he inquired.

The butcher roared with hearty laughter. "Where have you been? On the farm caring for the pigs? Listen, lad, Count Cagliostro is the man who holds the secret of the philosopher's stone. He's an alchemist who turns lowly metals into gold. He invented the 'water of beauty,' which holds the fountain of youth, and he is a master in the black arts and other unspeakable things."

"If he can do all of those things, as you say, why is he coming to Strasbourgh?" asked the youth.

"You cannot be as dumb as you look, my country boy," replied the butcher, lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper. "He has been summoned here to the sickbed of Prince de Soubise. The prince is the cousin of Cardinal de Rohan, one of the most powerful men in France, but he suffers from a mysterious malady that has baffled the best doctors on the continent. When the medical men admitted their defeat, His Eminence demanded that Cagliostro conjure up his curative powers."

Count Cagliostro, at that moment, was at the palace and was being escorted into the bedchamber of the ailing Prince de Soubise. He was followed by his dark priests, garbed in the traditional robes of Isis, the ancient healing goddess of Egypt.

A grotesque Spanish dwarf accompanied Cagliostro's retinue. The dwarf was clad in a silvery costume and wore a blue-gold hat atop his misshapen head. The tiny man was reported to be Cagliostro's assistant in alchemy and the healing arts.

The portly mystery man approached the bedside of the prince; his heavy-lidded eyes looked at the feeble man of royalty lying languidly on the sheets. Cagliostro's thick, plump fingers stroked the prince's forehead. He muttered a strange incantation and the priestly retinue closed the curtains and began to burn incense in Egyptian stone bowls.

"Awake! Awake! Look me in the eyes," demanded Cagliostro. "Prince de Soubise, I stand before you as a man who has lived to be over 300 years old. If I can live this long, then you are not about to die!"

The prince awoke, stirred slightly and lazily opened his eyes. His head whirled as picture after picture of health flashed across his mind's eye. He could hear the strange chants of the priests and smell the perfumed scent in the room.

Cagliostro snapped his fingers and the dwarf skittered across the room. "We need the most powerful medicine known to all mankind," said the count. "Bring me the magical blue vial."

"Am I that ill?" whispered the prince hoarsely.

"I take no chances when the life of royalty hangs by a single thread," announced Cagliostro. "This is a very powerful medicine, and I will give you ten drops of the magic potion now. I will return tonight and give you another dose. Within forty-eight hours you will be able to start your trip to the palace at Versailles."

The Prince recovered from his malady and was hungrily devouring a huge dinner when Count Cagliostro and his retinue returned that evening.

"My fever vanished and my pain drifted away when you

prescribed the blue medicine," said the prince, forking an immense piece of roast pork into his mouth. "I haven't felt as well in years. The King will be interested to know of your magical powers to heal."

During that afternoon, Count Cagliostro had treated the sick of Strasbourgh. The lame, halt and chronic invalids were brought to the sidewalk in front of the Golden Lion Inn. The Count walked dramatically from the inn, dressed in a shining blue silk coat, jeweled shoes and golden trousers. A goggle-eyed spectator counted thirteen rings on his pudgy fingers.

"I treat the poor without charge wherever I go," said the Count. "Let all who need my magnetic healing powers come to me."

As the suffering people were brought before Count Cagliostro, the dwarf gave each patient a shiny, newly minted gold piece. The records at Strasbourgh indicate that Count Cagliostro and his strange crew healed twenty-two persons during the afternoon. They distributed several thousand francs to the poor and hungry in the crowd.

Cagliostro has always been considered a charlatan and conman, the master swindler of all times. "I studied at the Court of the Grand Masters of the Knights of Malta," he would announce. The Count established an Oriental Order of Masonry, supposedly based on secrets handed down by an ancient order of Egyptian Freemasons.

Wealthy members of European royalty sought his magical elixir of regeneration. Count Cagliostro prescribed a reducing diet for his portly clients who were fond of rich foods. His supposedly miraculous beauty lotion was not unlike the lotions and creams sold today in expensive beauty salons.

"You must use the secret lotion once each morning, then take a long walk and think of beauty," Cagliostro told his aging women patients. Naturally, the exercise rejuvenated the ladies and they gushed in salons about his "secret lotion."

Cagliostro is said to have cured thousands of people during his reign in Europe as a master conjurer. Researchers can only guess if their illnesses were linked to hysteria or psychosomatic delusions. After a series of escapades and close scrapes with the police in several countries, Count Cagliostro was arrested by the Papal police in Rome. He was brought to trial before the Inquisition on his fiftieth birthday and found guilty of heresy.

The mysterious man who had enchanted all of Europe for many years was chained to the wall of an underground cell in the prison of San Leo. He died there in 1795.

After his death, people remembered his remarkable cures and many sought to discover the secrets of his magic. We can only wonder how much of the charlatan and how much of the healer was evident in Count Cagliostro's healing powers.

A HEALING VICAR

• The Rev. Mervyn Rich, a retired Anglican vicar, is now chaplain of the Portsmouth-based Christopher West International Healing Fellowship and a full-time healer himself.

Rev. Rich was first introduced to the Christopher West group in 1962 when doctors told Winifred, his wife, that she would just have to learn to live with a painful leg complaint. After a session or two with the healing group, the distressing condition was completely cleared up.

Rev. Rich became intrigued by the group and learned that they had derived their name from an eleven-year-old boy, Christopher West, who, in 1960, was given a month to live by two London hospitals. The unfortunate lad had two cancers of the spine. One was removed through surgery, but the other growth was declared inoperable because the boy's spinal cord ran through it. His parents were given the grim advice that another operation would kill their son.

After spirit healing, the boy's twisted legs began to straighten and today, Christopher West is a healthy schoolboy who runs and plays with the best of his fellows.

The Anglican vicar, approaching retirement, received the permission of the Bishop of Portsmouth to become the Christopher West group's official chaplain. At that time, Rev. Rich told a Portsmouth newspaper that the group conducted healing of a type performed by the early Christians.

"These people [the healers], who all feel they are doing God's work, are having to fight for the right to be accepted back into the Church," Rev. Rich said. He went on to describe the treatment of the group as being given in an atmosphere midway between that of a church and a doctor's surgery.

Upon his retirement, Rev. Rich opened a healing clinic in his own home. Often the clergyman is still asked to conduct orthodox Anglican services in addition to his healing work. He regularly calls upon a former parishioner, who is bedfast, and administers Holy Communion.

Once, when asked to conduct Evensong at All Saints' Church, St. Helier, Jersey, Rev. Rich responded to the suggestion that he hold a healing session after the orthodox service. He was surprised to see that most of the congregation remained seated and that their numbers were increasingly swelled by those who had waited for the Evensong to end.

The vicar of All Saints had told Rev. Rich that he was too busy to remain to witness the healing, but Rev. Rich noted with little surprise that the clergyman was sitting at the back of the church.

On that night, Rev. Rich led a woman to the altar who had been confined to a wheelchair for thirty years.

After responding to treatment by the Christopher West group and Rev. Rich, the woman took the arm of the retired vicar and walked at his side down the entire length of the aisle. Fifty patients received spontaneous and successful healing on this occasion.

HEALING AND THE STARS

• H. Douglas Miller of Detroit is an articulate, college-educated astrologer. He became a full-fledged practitioner of the "mother of sciences" in 1963 when he received his certificate from the American Federation of Astrologers in Washington, D.C. I had read and had been told that many astrologers and medical doctors believed that there is a definite correlation between the moon and certain health problems. For example, ulcer patients are said to suffer more bleeding during the time of the full moon; surgery patients have also been noted to bleed more profusely at this time.

To answer some of the questions concerning an astrologer's approach to healing, I decided to quiz Miller.

Is there such a thing as "medical" astrology?

"I am pleased to say that you are talking about something in which I am especially interested. In fact, it is my intention to write a book someday on the subject of medical astrology in the light of my own personal studies of charts.

"In astrology, the different planets exert their separate and distinct influences in terms of life in general, and for our purpose here, in terms of the working of the animal organism.

"The Sun has a vitalizing influence.

"Mars has an irritating or inflammatory influence.

"Saturn emits a restricting or hindering influence.

"Mercury has a variable influence, with special reference to the nervous system.

"Jupiter effects growth and has a special influence on the liver.

"The Moon has a special rulership over fluids in the body."

It sounds complicated.

"It is, but it is based on simple principles. If we have a horoscope, we logically approach each of the planets with a view to adding up the different values related to the planets, as I have just described."

Can you give an example of a specific case?

"Certainly. I once told a woman client that I believed her mother would have to watch out for a painful inflammation in the region of the lower digestive tract. I was able to predict this due to the fact that I saw a badly conditioned planet (Mars: inflammation, heat, pain) in the zodiacal sign Virgo (large and small intestine) about to receive some stress in the near future by what we call progression.

"Progression means the advent of new planetary energies which modify the influence of the energies which were in the chart of the person at the time and place of birth.

"The client in question said that her doctor saw no trouble of the sort that I had described. She insisted that I must be wrong. She insisted that her mother had gall bladder trouble and nothing else.

"Two or three days after the time that I stated would be most liable to cause her mother health trouble, the woman had an acute attack of appendicitis."

That seems to be hitting the mark rather closely.

"I could cite several other cases in point. For example, at the very day on which a client of mine admits developing multiple sclerosis, the planets indicated *exactly* the sort of breakdown of nerve tissue which would produce the condition."

Does the horoscope usually speak so specifically?

"No, it is generally not quite so graphic. It is more likely to give a person the etiology of a disease rather than to speak of the surface symptoms."

I think most people consider one's horoscope to indicate such things as marriage, job advancement and accidents of a physical nature. Is there really that much medical information to be derived from a reading of the horoscope?

"Horoscopes speak in medical terms so often that it behooves the astrologer to do quite a bit of reading if he is to keep up with what the charts are trying to say. Horoscopes are like serial X-rays. They show you what has led up to the present health picture and what will result from it. In so doing, they also give the astrologer some valuable clues as to what needs to be done. Very often, the report of the client's doctor will confirm what the astrologer believes to be the trouble."

An astrologer would not prescribe medicine for a client, though, would he?

"Of course not. The astrologer does not prescribe medicines or give advice like a regular physician, but he often acts as a good trouble-shooter."

How might an astrologer best serve a client in conjunction with the services of a medical doctor?

"One of the best functions of the astrologer in the field of medicine lies in the setting up of what are called 'elections' or times for having operations or for commencing treatment. Few are the people who do not become more than just mildly convinced of the wisdom in waiting for the proper election.

"The astrologer chooses a time for operating when the star picture most favors the person's health rulers in his horoscope. The astrologer fortifies these rulers as much as possible and chooses the best planetary hour for the operation.

"One of the most inviolable of rules is not to operate on that part of the body in which the Moon is posited at the time of the operation or in the sign opposite to it."

You agree, then, that the moon really does have a great deal of influence on the body processes?

"You might say: convince me! I shall try.

"A few years ago, a ball player was reported to be in need of corrective surgery on his foot. I remarked that this was a bad time for the operation, but no one made any mention to the athlete of the great peril to his health.

"Complications developed, and shortly thereafter, surgeons were compelled to operate again. The man became feverish and died.

"In the one case, the operation took place when the transiting Moon was in Pisces, which governs the feet, and thus violated the rule. The second operation occurred when the Moon was in the opposite sign, Virgo."

Do you feel that such instances are common?

"If one were to check the time when operations were performed which led to post-operative complications and compared them with twenty times their accompanying election horoscopes when the operations produced good long-term results, one could not help being impressed with the contrast between the star patterns in the one set of instances as compared to the other. The evidence is overwhelming to those who would make an unbiased examination."

A DEAD MAN HEALS THROUGH HIS HANDS

• Fireman George Chapman quickened his pace, hastening to his work at a fire station in England on that unusual afternoon in 1946. Suddenly, Chapman noticed a feeble old man standing rigidly on a street corner, warily eyeing the whizzing automobiles and heavy traffic.

"Let me help you across the street, sir." Chapman gently grasped the elderly man's arm.

"You're very kind," said the old man. They moved across the intersection.

Chapman felt the old man's crippled arm. For some reason, and without speaking, Chapman seemed compelled to lay his free hand on the bent limb.

Reaching the safety of the sidewalk, Chapman released the elderly gentleman's arm. Without warning, the man's eyes widened. He stared at Chapman with wide-eyed disbelief.

"My arm is free! I can move it again!" he shouted happily. "Praise the Lord! I can move my arm."

This was the first evidence of George Chapman's alleged healing powers. It occurred on a quiet afternoon in 1946 and, since then, Chapman has become one of the most controversial spiritual healers in the British Isles. From his rambling two-story clinic in Aylesbury, England, Chapman's supporters claim he has performed some remarkable feats.

"Chapman accidentally discovered he had the power to heal," said a patient, who swore he was healed by the Englishman. "There are no wild claims of miracles but patients have been cured of cancer, had their lost sight restored and have been healed of such dread diseases as leukemia."

George Chapman operates through the powers of mediumship. White-smocked and allegedly guided by the spirit of a dead doctor, George Chapman performs his healings during a deep trance.

Chapman's spirit guide is said to be Dr, William Lang, an English doctor who passed away on July 13, 1937. When Chapman works, his normal personality vanishes and his body assumes the mannerisms of the dead doctor.

Dr. Kildare Lawrence Singer, a member of the British Royal College of Surgeons, is convinced that the spirit guide is his friend, Dr. Lang.

"I studied opthalmology under Dr. Lang," said Singer. "When I suffered from cancer, I heard about a spirit doctor called Lang and heard he had cured some patients of the disease. I made an appointment for a consultation. When I entered the room, I saw George Chapman, but I was greeted by my old friend."

Percy Wilson, a former officer of the College for Psychic Science, has exposed many fraudulent mediums, but he believes George Chapman to be a genuinely gifted clairvoyant.

One Englishwoman, critically injured in an automobile collision, was near death. Her distraught husband telephoned George Chapman and requested absent healing. The spirit of Dr. Lang is said to have provided long distance healing and performed several spirit operations on the woman. She recovered quickly and attributes her miraculous healing to Chapman and to Lang's spirit.

Norman Bower, a former member of the English parliament, was healed by the medium following a spirit operation. Bower had suffered from an inflamed liver and a spastic colon for more than a quarter of a century. Ill health had forced an early retirement from his political career. "Within three months after the operation, my illness was completely cured," Bower said.

Scores of other patients attest to the incredible healings performed through the hands of George Chapman by the deceased doctor. A growing group of ailing people request Chapman's aid in securing a spirit operation and even complete skeptics have been cured.

Strange powers of healing are certainly evident in Aylesbury, England, where an ex-fireman provides the medium by which a dead doctor may continue to practice his profession.

FOLK CURES AND GRANNY REMEDIES

• The old woman cocked a dark eye at the child's swollen jaw.

"Where's it hurt, Billy?" she croaked.

"Here, Granny," said little Billy, opening his mouth and pointing to an infected tooth. "Auuh . . . you ain't gonna hurt me, are you?"

"Ole Granny believes in keeping a child healthy," soothed the old woman. "But we're gonna have to do something about that nasty ole tooth. Do you folks have a coffin nail?"

"No ma'm," admitted the frontier settler. "We just moved here and ain't had time to get our medicine chest fixed."

Granny grunted. "And I suppose you ain't got a splinter from a tree struck by lightning or the middle toe of an owl?"

"No ma'm," said the settler, shamefaced.

"Well, I ain't got my stuff with me, so we'll have to pull it," said Granny. "Next time, I'll bring my coffin nail. Pick a tooth with that and it'll stop the pain every time."

The wrinkled woman helped the small boy from his bed. She led the child to a nearby stream. She looped a strong string around the tooth, bent a willow sapling down to the earth and tied the other end of the string around the tree.

"Open your mouth, Billy," Granny ordered.

The boy complied and, moments later, the wild-eyed child tensed as the old woman released the tree. Billy howled for several minutes, then Granny reached into her black dress and plucked a pinch of herbs from a tin box. "Press your tongue down on this and the pain'll go way," Granny said.

Another half hour and Billy was running barefoot through the prairie grass, playing happily with his brothers and sisters.

Those hearty families who pushed into the frontier wilderness during the 1800's were almost totally dependent upon folk cures for their medical needs. "Granny medicine" was dispensed by wrinkled old crones, whose wisdom supposedly increased as they aged.

Folk medicine is still practiced today in many isolated mountain communities, principally in the South. For more than two centuries, a common Granny prescription for an open sore was to apply a mold scraped from aged cheese. Today, penicillin originates with a particular type of mold. Burn cases and sunburn blisters were treated by applying wet tea leaves. Modern doctors prescribe a tannic acid solution. The active ingredient in tea leaves is tannic acid.

The modern mother purchases a teething rattle for her child. The frontier mother was advised to tie a powderless pistol cartridge around her baby's neck. Some parents in the southwest believed a rattlesnake rattle was an even better pacifier.

Paregoric, an opium derivative, was considered the best cure for diarrhea; many modern drugstores continue to supply this medicine in small quantities.

Such herbs as peppermint leaves were also believed good for curing flu and its complications. Poultices of red pepper and mustard were supposedly beneficial in drawing various illnesses and poisons from the systems. Persons suffering from pneumonia were steamed with hot towels, wrapped in heavy quilts and given steaming glasses of hot water.

Whenever a cold congested in a patient's chest, Granny usually prescribed a steaming brew of hot water, whiskey and bitters. Gingseng tea was sometimes described as an excellent herb remedy for a nasty cold.

Warts were always a problem for the frontier people, especially for the children, who supposedly picked up the growths by playing with the warty skin of frogs. Grannies prescribed such unique remedies as removing warts with a stolen dishrag rubbed vigorously over the wart and buried for three days under a rock. The warts were supposed to vanish on the third morning. They usually did. Other folk cures for warts included rubbing them with split beans, bacon, the feet of chicken, green walnuts and crushed corncobs. Whatever the remedy, the warts frequently disappeared at the announced time.

When grannies were not available and doctors were often hundreds of miles away, frontier families relied on other ancient folk remedies. Some of these outlandish theories included:

Birthmarks: Rub the mark with the hand of a corpse three mornings in a row and it will vanish.

Croup: Tie the left hind foot of a mole around the child's neck with a yellow ribbon.

Whooping Cough: Tie a red ribbon around the child's neck and let the ailing patient pass through a leather horse collar seven times.

Consumption: Rattlesnake meat and roasted skunk glands were considered sure cures for consumption on the western frontier. Another pioneer cure was to cook a concoction of sheep's heel, a quart of buttermilk, a half pound of elm bark shavings, two ounces of peppermint leaves, a half pound of melted rock candy, a pinch of ginger and gingseng roots. This remedy was to be cooked down over an open fire and then eaten.

Childbirth: Complications in childbirth were supposed to be cured by drinking the water in which a dozen eggs were boiled.

Earache: Place two corn kernels in the affected ear.

Bed-wetting: Feed the child a roasted field mouse.

Colds: Wear a bag around your neck containing a live spider.

Open sores: Run around the house three times at midnight and pour a gallon of lukewarm water on the roots of a tree.

Rheumatism: Rub the sore spot with an ear of corn or a peeled potato.

Folk medicine and granny remedies are composed of some remarkable healing remedies and many ridiculous theories.

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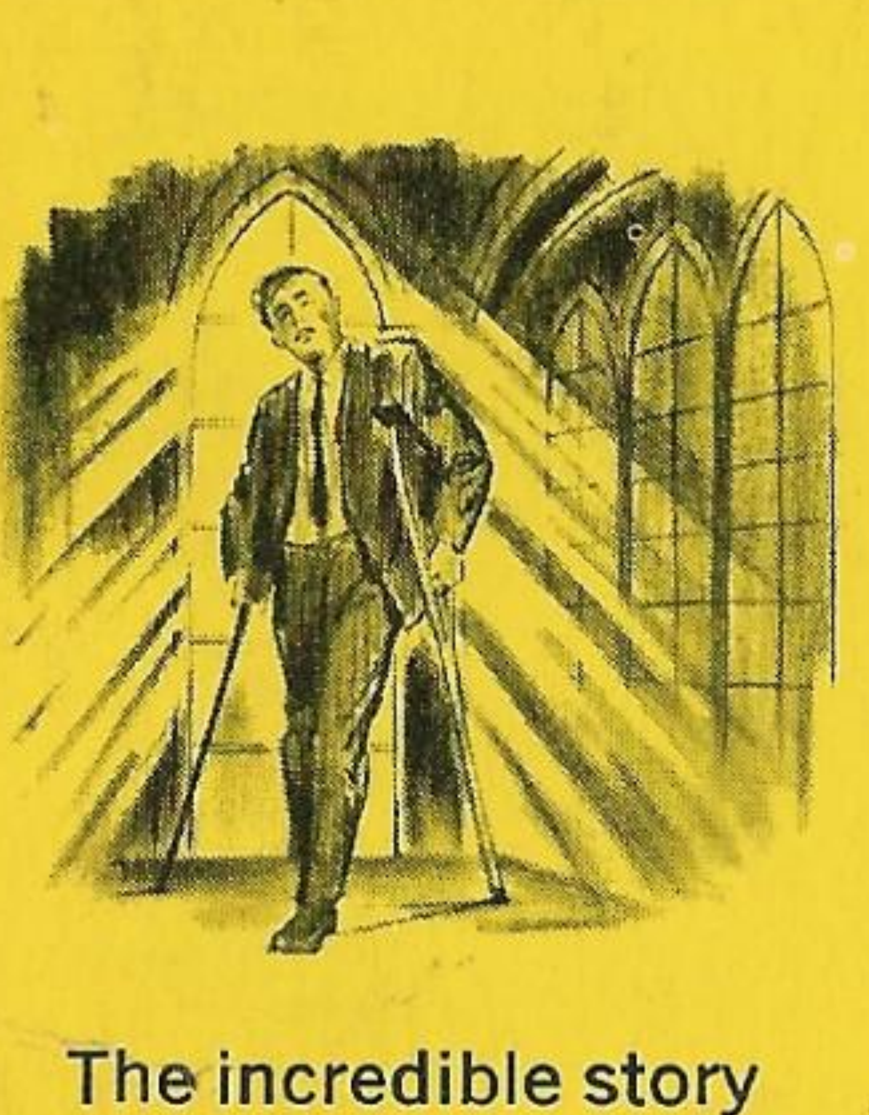

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